

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

Number 356

Week Ending  
JANUARY 9, 1926

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

## LONDON'S BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

See  
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Two

### POOR KING

#### THE LAST HOUR OF KHAMA'S SON

Life Ebbs Out in the Grip of  
the Powers of Darkness

#### THE WITCH DOCTORS

Sekgoma, heir to great Khama, King of the Bamangwato, who crowned his strong and warlike rule by becoming a Christian and turning the minds of his warriors to the kingdom of peace, has died in South Africa, and it is pathetic to read that in his last days of weakness and misery he turned to the old gods of his tribe for succour.

Sekgoma, like Khama before him, was a Christian, but when he was stricken with disease that brought him to the verge of madness, and the medicine men and witch-doctors of the Bamangwato (who still practised in secret the ancient rites) gathered about him, he could not resist their whisperings. They told him that the English doctor was no good, and that the God of the Christians could not save him; and in the mind of this poor black chieftain, helpless and panic-stricken by his illness, was sown a doubt whether, after all, he might not have made a mistake.

#### Vindictive Gods

Think of the working of this poor man's mind. He had set at defiance the old traditions of his tribe, and now, working at the back of his fevered thoughts, was the recollection of all that thousands of years of barbarism had instilled into the soul of the African and the fear that perhaps he might have offended the vindictive gods of his race. Just as a people like the English are influenced by generations of Christian tradition, so among a people reared in heathenism the traditions of the past die hard.

So Sekgoma dismissed the Government doctor and allowed the witch doctors to practise their spells of black magic on him. In the same way a thousand years ago in England the Saxon King of East Anglia, who had been converted to Christianity by St. Augustine and his missionaries, reverted to the Scandinavian gods.

#### The Passing of a King

But in vain was poor Sekgoma's death-bed remorse. The miserable king grew worse, and when at last he was on the point of death the witch doctors themselves became afraid. Fearful of the vengeance of the tribe if he succumbed, they sent hastily for the English doctor to come back. He returned, but it was too late. The chieftain died in dirt and misery. His surrender to his old witch doctors had been in vain. It is a truly sad story, this poor African king doubting the truth at the last, but who will think harshly of Sekgoma? God the Merciful, the Compassionate is all-comprehending of the weakness of His children, white and black, and His Truth goes on.

### The Little Pigs Go Home to Bed



At this season there are plenty of young pigs on the farms and very quaint little animals they are. Here we see a farm girl carrying two of her charges to their sty to lock them up for the night. They were very unwilling to leave their grubbing in the orchard

### THE ROAD UNDER THE DRESS CIRCLE

In one of the newest theatres in London there is a hidden passage-way which runs under the seats of the dress circle right away to a famous church.

A C.N. correspondent has explored this strange passage, which cannot be seen by the audience, and has learned its history from Mr. Lawrence Cowen, the owner of the Fortune Theatre.

In Shakespeare's days, explained Mr. Cowen, this was the Cockpit Theatre. The Cockpit was burnt down and another theatre, aptly named the Phoenix, rose from its ashes. But after a time the Phoenix was also destroyed, and there arose in its place a church, which in course of time became the property of the National Church of Scotland, and existed until 70 or 80 years ago. Then the church was moved back to where it now stands, and the vacant space, first used for schools, became waste.

But the church authorities preserved a right-of-way across the site, and although, as it is directly opposite

Drury Lane Theatre, many managers wished to purchase it, they were told that the right of way would still be reserved. Thus a most valuable piece of theatre-land remained unused for 27 years.

But at last Mr. Cowen thought of a way out, and found a young Swiss architect who said he would try, finally producing a plan showing how the right-of-way could be maintained without anyone in the theatre suspecting its existence. The plan was accepted, the theatre was built, and regularly, while performances are going on, hidden travellers pass to and fro under the seats from the church and the minister's house to the street.

The church, which owns this curious privilege is a famous one; Lord Balfour worships there. There still exists in its archives a builder's account of centuries ago, showing that the original church cost £600 to build; whereas the Fortune Theatre now standing on its site cost no less than £100,000.

### THE CRAFTSMEN OF OLD ENGLAND A HOPE TO BRING THEM BACK AGAIN

Reviving the Joy of Work in  
the Countryside

#### A FINE MOVEMENT

A grand thing is happening in England very quietly, without any fuss. An organisation called the Rural Industries Bureau is getting together a register of English men and women who work at all kinds of old-fashioned crafts in villages and small towns.

The list will include cabinet-makers, wrought-iron and art-metal workers, hand-weavers, potters, basket-makers, rush-workers, leather-workers, and toy-makers. The work is to be encouraged and custom found for it.

This is far more important than we imagine just now, because it means that there is a chance of the ancient craft-life of Britain being coaxed back into good health again. One of the drawbacks of progress is that for every push on of new ideas and scientific methods of labour by which the masses benefit, old hand industries receive a corresponding set back. For a long time they have had to struggle for existence.

#### Secret Beauty of a Country

And yet, if we were to look at England, at her old houses, churches, halls, and the things in them (wood carvings, chairs, candlesticks, curtains, beds), we should see that the richest and loveliest are the labours of long-dead craftsmen and women. The real spirit of Britain hides, not in her great cities, but in her provincial life, where quiet people keep up the habits and traditions of their ancestors.

It was in an England of small friendly towns and villages, when cities as we understand them were unknown, that the British genius flourished in bygone centuries. It is in these same small friendly towns and villages that the British crafts will become strong again. Who knows how many geniuses may be working quietly in England now, how many Chippendales and Wedgwoods?

#### A Living Wage

There are certainly hundreds of people in England who prefer to have home-made things in their houses, but they do not always know where to find them. The Rural Industries Bureau will make it possible for the customers and craftsmen to get into touch with each other. That is why this register is being made.

Very soon all the hand-workers in rural England will be on the list, and their work will be encouraged and asked for. Then the old days may come back when men and women, unhurried, secure of means of living, will make beautiful things for English homes, as they did in ages past.



## LONDON'S BEAUTY AND THE BEAST THE TRAGEDY OF THE BRIDGES

Must Waterloo Go while  
Charing Cross Stands?

### MORE TRAFFIC TO BE POURED INTO THE CROWDED STRAND

The tragedy of the London bridges continues. London still stands in the shadow of the great betrayal.

If the decision of the London County Council is carried out the bridge that everybody loves will be pulled down and the bridge that everybody hates will stay where it is.

The whole difficulty about Waterloo Bridge arises from the fact that the rulers of London are afraid to face the big question of a bridge at Charing Cross. Because of the refusal to face this problem the most beautiful bridge in London is threatened with destruction, and the hideous railway bridge at Charing Cross is given another lease of life. And yet the truth is this:

*By pulling down the ugly bridge at Charing Cross, and throwing a new bridge across the Strand, one of the biggest traffic problems in London would be solved.*

*By pulling down the beautiful Waterloo Bridge the traffic congestion in the Strand will be made twice as bad as it is.*

### The Pride of the Past

The question of the bridges has therefore become an urgent problem for the capital from two points of view. It affects the daily lives of millions of people moving about London, and it affects us all as trustees of the beauty of the capital of the Empire.

Three generations of Englishmen have looked on Waterloo Bridge and found it good. Our great-grandfathers admired the fine new bridge John Rennie had built all in his day's work, and their sons were glad to pay their halfpenny toll to walk across it and look at the splendid city that London was becoming. They had not forgotten what a great man John Rennie was when he built the bridge with such steadfastness and skill, and when he died they laid him to rest with all honour beside the greatest architect of London, Sir Christopher Wren.

### Keystone of a Lovely View

Across Rennie's bridge they saw at its very best Wren's shining dome. From the Thames at Charing Cross they looked, as we do, over the bridge, past Somerset House, to the whitening spires of Wren's churches and the dome of St. Paul's brooding over the City. Christopher Wren, William Chambers, John Rennie, Isambard Brunel built those things and made out of grimy London and the curve of the Thames one of the fairest prospects any city in the world possesses.

The London County Council, in the nervous haste of timid men who fear that their judgment may be disputed, have resolved to destroy the keystone of this lovely prospect by pulling down Waterloo Bridge. They say that it is past its work, and that what is wanted is a brand-new bridge that will take six lines of traffic, perhaps including tramways, to pour into the Strand at the point where the traffic is already intolerable. So they have voted for the destruction of this beautiful old thing, and in order that nobody should think they were moved by any false sentiment about it they passed their resolution to destroy it amid loud cheers.

When all is said and done, the destruction of Waterloo Bridge is an

## HAMO THORNYCROFT THE NAME ON SOME OF OUR GREAT STATUES Passing of a Fine Old English Sculptor

### SOME OF HIS MONUMENTS

A few weeks ago a fine old Englishman, Sir William Hamo Thornycroft, was writing to the papers about the famous frosts of the last two generations. A little before that he was appealing to the British Public to see that Waterloo Bridge was saved. Now he is gone. He can write us no more letters, carve us no more statues.

It is very sad. Whenever this fine old man had died it would have been too soon. He can do no more for us now, save in example.

What is it that he has done? He has raised the standard of public sculpture by several fine groups. He has stood for classic strength, dignity, and manhood. Forty-five years ago he made a bronze group, called Teucer, which revealed what an English sculptor could do with a simple human figure. A little later he carved some more romantic, like The Mower, now in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool, which reminds us of Millet's beautiful, sensitive pictures of peasant life, with a vigour added that Millet lacked.

### Cromwell, Gordon, and Gladstone

It was inevitable that he should drift into portraiture. The splendid Cromwell statue brought him the Paris medal of honour in 1900. A very lovely group is the Colet Memorial in St. Paul's School. Other memorable statues are the Trafalgar Square Gordon, the figure of Bishop Goodwin at Carlisle, and the Gladstone Memorial in the Strand.

Fine as these are, Thornycroft's imaginative work is finer. In many generations to come he will still be remembered by Teucer, The Mower, and The Kiss—a very charming group of mother and child in the Tate Gallery.

Outside the great world of his work, the sculptor's life was not very eventful. He was born in 1850, played about the Cheshire countryside till he was 13, went to University College School in Gower Street for four years, and at 18 began to study art. As his father and mother were both sculptors it was natural he should take to the chisel rather than to the brush.

Many honours were paid him as life advanced, but the honour he most cherished came only two years ago, when the Royal Society of British Sculptors gave him its Gold Medal for services to British art. He lived for England, worked for England, and died in the midst of his hopes for England.

*Continued from the previous column*

act of cowardice. It is a pitiful lack of courage to face the big fact that stares the whole of London in the face—that a new bridge is not necessary at Waterloo but is wanted at Charing Cross.

If a widened bridge were built where Waterloo Bridge now stands its first effect would be to treble the block of traffic at Wellington Street in the Strand. The authorities are at their wits' end to deal with the congestion as it now is; they would be helpless before a stream of traffic pouring in from South London in trebled volume.

What would then happen would be that, in order to keep the Strand traffic from coming to a standstill, another bridge would have to be built at Charing Cross.

The C.N. hopes that the Government will intervene to save the capital from this colossal blunder—if necessary by declaring Waterloo Bridge a national monument, which would make its destruction illegal.

## KILLED BY TOO MUCH KINDNESS Why Tiny Did Not Pull Cinderella's Coach

### SAD FATE OF A PONY

It is sad to think that we may sometimes kill the things we love best by the very kindness we lavish on them.

So it has happened with Tiny Tot of Maryport, the smallest perfect pony in Great Britain, as she was always called by her owner, Mrs. Dunn.

Tiny Tot had been engaged to play a part in a Christmas pantomime, drawing Cinderella's coach on the stage, but she died of too much rich and unpony-like food. She had a passion for ice-cream cones, and whenever she appeared in the streets the children would flock round to offer her these delicacies. "Have another, Tiny?" they would say, and Tiny would nod her head, such a wise head in so many things, but not wise enough to know that too much ice-cream and sweets and rich cake is a bad thing for a little pony.

So the pennies which the children of Maryport spent on their beloved pet were lavished in mistaken kindness. Tiny fell ill and died. There was no mistaking what had caused her lamented decease—too many ice-cream cones.

## A KIND OF SUCCESS IN LIFE

### A Journalist's Farewell

One of the great writers on a great newspaper has just left it; Mr. C. E. Montague has retired from the Manchester Guardian after 35 years.

We feel there is something fine in these closing words of farewell to them all, from the editor in his chair to the compositor on his stool:

He seemed to feel again the spirit of that most friendly and genial part of the office, the composing-room. He had known it at work and at play, and had eaten its salt in hours of social ease, and in every new light it seemed more than ever to be the very home of good nature and good fellowship.

He thanked them all, not only for the kindly warmth of this farewell, but also for the infinite patience and goodness he had always met with at their hands. He had never had the shadow of a quarrel with anyone in the office, nor received from anyone in it anything but the most perfect helpfulness and consideration and he knew no one in it from whom he did not part with a separate regret.

To have had such friends in work and in sport was a kind of success in life, whatever else might come, and he thanked them all for it with all his heart.

It is indeed a kind of success; it is a very great success in life to lay down one's work with the affection of all who have shared it.

## THE MAN WHO SAVED THE PIGEON

### A Brave Sight in the Streets

A bronze medal has been awarded by the R.S.P.C.A. to Mr. Albert Baldwin, for an act of great and unselfish bravery.

We often hear in England, fortunately for this country, of men and women, boys and girls, who risk injury and even death to save the life of some animal they care for, but Mr. Baldwin ran the risk of death to free a pigeon which had entangled its little legs in the roof of a church tower in Clapham Park.

Taking off his boots and his coat, he climbed up to the tower by whatever perilous foothold he could find, risking a fall upon the spiked railings below which might have meant his death. But he reached the bird at last, and freed it.

The few people who saw him will not forget what they saw.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Cincinnati . . . Sin-sin-nay-tus  
Romulus . . . Rom-u-lus  
Sakhalin . . . Sah-kahl-yin

## FALL OF THE KINGS OF ARABIA Crown Lost After a Thousand Years

### FLIGHT OF ALI OF HEJAZ

Uneasy lies the head that wears the Hejaz crown, and King Ali, the last of the Hashimite dynasty, preferring his liberty to the hard labour of maintaining the throne, has ensured the one by abandoning the other.

So that there may be no further mishap, he has left the stony land of Arabia and sailed for Aden. His father, King Hussein, found the government of unruly tribes who know no argument but force a task beyond his powers, and abdicated three months ago in the hope that Ali, his son, then Emir of the sacred city of Medina, might prove more popular.

If he had been he might have incited the people of Mecca, the City of the Prophet, as well as of Medina, to take up arms and resist the Wahabis and their Sultan, who were fighting for the rule of the Mohammedan sacred places.

It was not to be. The conscientious objectors, being better armed and better fighters, have enforced their spirited protests against King Ali as they had done against King Hussein, who had neither men nor money for fighting. First Mecca was besieged, and then the Wahabis, having taken it, drove King Ali to the coast and kept him there. The weeks went on; the Wahabis grew stronger, and King Ali was at last forced to leave an ungrateful country where his forefathers had ruled by the strong hand for a thousand years. He is now added to the long list of monarchs in retirement.

## THINGS SAID

To many people work is life.

*Lord Cave*

Britain must electrify or perish.

*Lord Rothermere*

I do not want a journalistic dictatorship.

*Mr. T. P. O'Connor*

No man is master today; industry is owned by hundreds of thousands.

*Sir Alfred Mond*

The mere imitation of Nature is not art.

*Sir Frank Dicksee*

Even poetry had to close its eyes when confronted with ultimate origins, and could only murmur, "In the beginning, God."

*Sir Oliver Lodge*

Our uncomplaining epoch is unique, but has any other age experienced like ours the bitter taste of existence?

*Count Serge Fleury*

The modern boy is much more civilised than his grandfather was as a boy, more civilised even than his father.

*Dr. Norwood, new Headmaster of Harrow*

The effect of alcohol is to increase the confidence and decrease the control of the driver.

*Mr. Garro Jones, M.P.*

If we merely use our intellect to push our own interest it would be better to have no education at all. If anyone is going to be a villain, let him remain a fool.

*Bishop of Manchester*

There was no question of shirking in the war; why should there be any shirking today?

*Lord Jellicoe*

A man of 56 is a very young man.

*Lord Hewart*

The real joy of exercises can only come when men play the game because their heart is in it—not when they become too specialised, and games are composed of more spectators than players.

*Mr. Ramsay MacDonald*

Waterloo Bridge is the last great structure of the Wren cycle. It represents a great age; it is in every way a master work.

*Mr. W. R. Lethaby*



## NOTTINGHAM A PORT

### Great Scheme Nearing Completion

#### BIG BOATS FROM HULL

We shall soon be talking of the Port of Nottingham. The great scheme of deepening the Trent so that bigger boats may pass to Nottingham from Hull will be completed this year.

The river Trent has been a navigable river for centuries, and for years small barges, towed by patient horses, have passed up and down between these two towns. But in modern times those small barges have not been able to keep pace with the hurrying world, and so the Nottingham Corporation has worked with the Trent Navigation Company on a scheme destined to make Nottingham an inland port.

Above Newark the river Trent becomes a succession of wide shallows which do not permit barges of any considerable tonnage to pass. To deepen the river and enable the boats to reach Nottingham additional weirs have been built along the Trent. With the building of weirs many new locks were a necessity, and these have been built at Newark, Hazleford, Gunthorpe, Holme, and Stoke.

#### Locks of Standard Size

The locks are all of a standard size: 190 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 30 feet deep, and are able to let through a tug and three fully-laden barges at one operation. Early this year the last lock will be ready for working, and, except for a certain amount of dredging, the scheme will be finished. It was begun in 1921.

When this work is completed sea-going boats will be able to pass through the old town of Newark, the Key of the North, where the wretched King John died; and trains of barges, some laden with 120 tons of merchandise, will come from Hull to Nottingham, the Queen of the Midlands.

The cargoes carried by the barges will be as varied as those of the trains, so that all branches of trade will benefit, while transport will be much cheaper.

## THE SHIP WHICH STEERS ITSELF

### A Simple and Wonderful Thing

An invention for steering ships automatically, which may make the gyroscope a thing of the past, has been made by an English engineer.

It is a simple little instrument depending on two valves similar to those used in wireless, so sensitive that the slightest turn by a ship from the path set by the navigator will instantly cause the rudder to turn and bring her into line again. The two valves, called "magnetrons," are set at an angle with the keel of the ship, and each one is so magnetised by a coil that it balances the other.

As long as the magnetic balance is maintained nothing happens, but if the ship deviates from the set course, the magnetic field in one valve will be weakened by the effect of the Earth's magnetism, while that in the other will be correspondingly strengthened.

This change will at once cause an electric current to flow to a relay, which will operate the rudder until the ship has straightened her course.

It is a wonderful piece of gear and of marvellous simplicity.

## BIGGER THAN BIG BEN

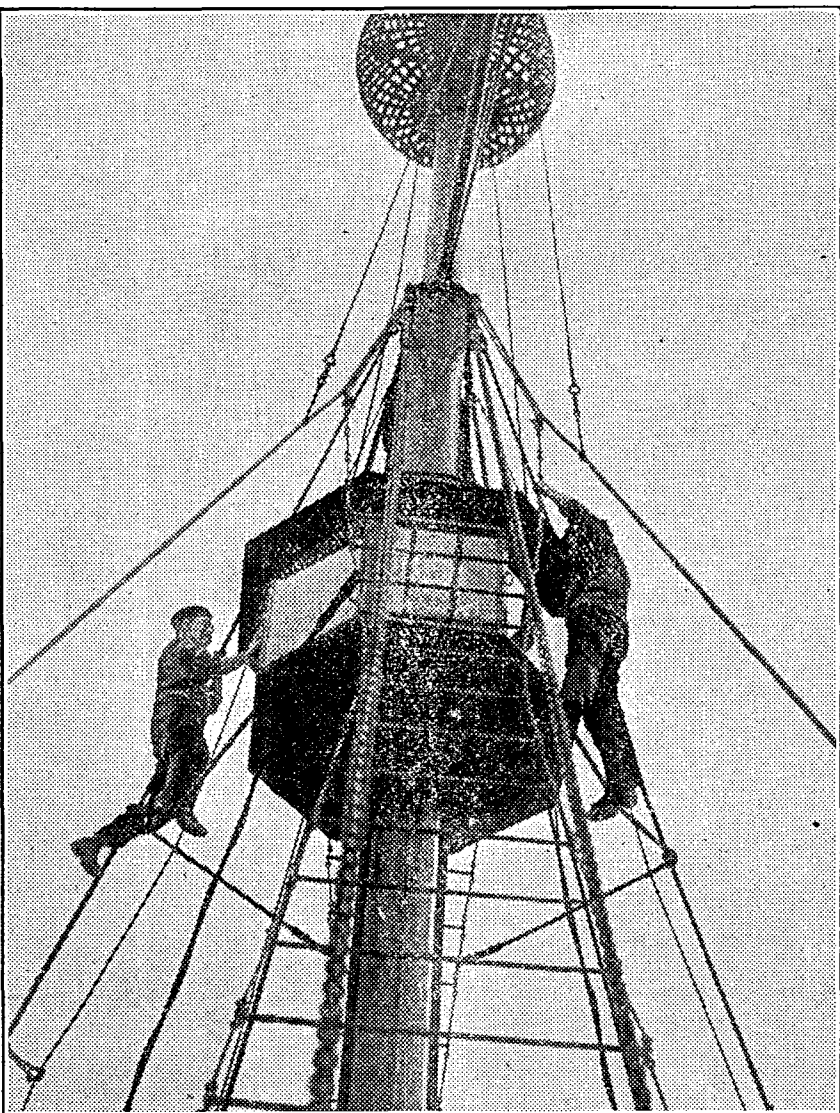
### The Empire's Largest Clock Bows Down

After holding out against the electric invasion for many years, the clock in the tower of the Singer Buildings at Clydebank has bowed down at last and is to be worked by electricity. This clock, the largest in the British Empire, has four dials each 26 feet in diameter, bigger than big Ben.

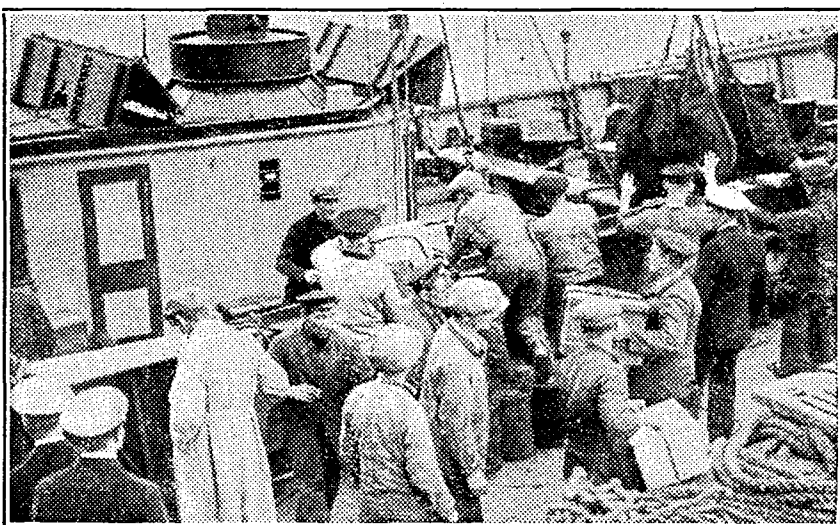
## A NEW CREW FOR THE LIGHTSHIP



The new crew going out to the relief ship



Two members of the lightship crew cleaning the lantern



The relief ship alongside the lightship and the crews changing over

Life on a lightship is rather lonely, and the crew is always glad when the time comes to be relieved. Here we see the crew of the Nore lightship, at the mouth of the Thames, being relieved by a new crew sent out from London in the relief ship Alert

## FORTUNES

### HOW TO READ THE NEWS OF THEM

#### Puzzling Little Point About Newspapers and Wills

#### WHAT THE FIGURES MEAN

Mr. John Jones, of Charing Cross, late managing director of John Jones & Co., Merchants, £31,819. (Net personality £27,463)

Most of us have read in the newspapers paragraphs like this, and most of us have wondered what it really means. The bare announcements of wills in the newspapers are none too clear. Let us try to understand what they mean.

Every man's fortune, or his estate as the lawyers call it, is composed of two classes of property: Real and Personal. Real Property is freehold interest in land. Every other class of property, money, furniture, or land, is Personalty.

#### Letters of Administration

The majority of people with property make wills which give directions as to the way in which the estate is to be distributed on death. If a man makes no will he dies Intestate, as we say, and his property is distributed among his next-of-kin according to certain fixed rules; but before any distribution can be made it is necessary for somebody to take out what are called Letters of Administration, and the person who takes out these is made responsible for the proper distribution of the estate.

When a man makes a will he generally appoints an Executor for this purpose, and the duties of an Executor and an Administrator are practically the same.

Their first duty is to make out a list of the property, as death duties have to be paid, but there must be deducted from the total value of the estate a sum equal to the debts owed by the deceased. The full particulars are then filed at the Probate Registry in Somerset House.

#### How Debts are Paid

But the brief announcements we see in the papers do not necessarily give us a correct impression of a man's wealth.

We are told what he did actually leave, and the difference between that and the Net Personality generally indicates what debts had to be paid by the Executor or the Administrator out of the Personal Estate, because it is an established rule that these debts are payable, as far as possible, out of the Personal Property and not out of any Real Property left by the deceased. But if the difference between the gross amount of the estate and the net personality is very considerable, it may be that a great part of this difference is represented by the Real Estate, and we can only find out definitely by making a search at Somerset House. That is to say, the difference between the gross amount and the Net Personality is either debts alone or debts and land.

#### A Wrong Impression

Thus, a man may be said to leave £100,000 with net personality £10,000. As the difference could hardly be made up of debts, we may expect it in that case to be in land, so that the real fortune would be £10,000 plus the value of the land. It seems odd that, if it is worth while publishing wills at all, somebody does not publish them so that we can understand what they mean.

We may have been surprised sometimes to read of a prominent man leaving only a few hundreds of pounds, and wonder how he was able to live as he did if that was the extent of his fortune. There are two explanations. One is that he may have had a pension or an annuity, or he may have been entitled to a life interest in some settled estates. In this way his income may have been substantial, but he was the absolute owner of practically no property at all.



## SQUATTER'S RIGHTS THE CLAIM OF THE CITY PIGEONS

Probably the Oldest Inhabitants  
of the Capital

### THE VENERABLE FLYING COCKNEYS

We are all proud of the swarms of pigeons which people the streets of London, especially the flocks that wheel and perch about St. Paul's Cathedral. But once again we are learning that we can have too much of a good thing.

The number of pigeons has become so great that the birds make the approaches to the building foul and unsightly, and the litter from the nutshells and biscuits sold by neighbouring vendors is a scandal. A little further east, at the Guildhall, matters are viewed so seriously that the City Corporation is conferring with the Home Office as to the best way to reduce the trouble.

#### Forty Years Ago

The great increase of the pigeon population is a striking tribute to the kindness of Londoners. Until the coming of motor-cars the pigeons depended mainly on grain dropped from the nosebags of horses, and as the horses were gradually withdrawn from the streets the people came to the rescue, and more than made good the food deficiency. The result is a host of pigeons such as London has never previously known.

The authorities at St. Paul's say that, while the existence of pigeons goes back beyond living memory, the coming of the birds to the west entrance is new, and arises from the modern habit of providing food there. But Dean Gregory wrote nearly 40 years ago of the two colonies of pigeons at the cathedral, declaring that they were old in his day, one at the east and one at the west end, separate and never mating.

#### The Original Stock

In fact the pigeons of St. Paul's are older, as an institution, than the Cathedral itself. They can be traced back to 1385, when Robert de Braybrook, Bishop of London, wrote an indignant protest against people casting stones and darts and shooting arrows at the pigeons of St. Paul's. The ancestors of our birds survived the Great Fire and came back to roost on Wren's new St. Paul's. They are actually the oldest citizens of London, and may be said to have established an equivalent to Squatter's Rights.

We can see at St. Paul's pigeons very much like the original wild strain from which all domestic pigeons have come, but most of the modern breeds are there too: fantails, tumblers, tipplers, Antwerps, and blue racing homers. Were the original stock wild colonists, and did they lure later types to themselves?

#### A Source of Danger

We do not know. Whatever the truth of the rise of this great free bird population in the heart of the Capital, certainly the birds are a more venerable tribe than is commonly supposed. If the cleanliness of the great building as well as safety of the birds could be secured, we might see in their presence something of the charming suggestion in which the Psalmist rejoiced:

The sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.

But in the prosperity and unbounded fruitfulness of the pigeons there is danger, and the authorities are perplexed, unwilling to disturb their little protégés, but almost compelled to do so in defence of the amenities of the great Cathedral.

## THE MOST HOPEFUL EVENT OF 1925

### The Great War and the Little War

The League of Nations is six years old, and the C.N. thinks it worth while to give the world as a birthday present the story of the greatest thing the League has done, stopping a war that had actually begun.

That has never been done before in the history of the world, but it was done not long ago by the League, and we think it the most hopeful event of last year.

On October 19, 1925, a few Greek and Bulgarian soldiers began fighting and war broke out. It was just the sort of incident that in 1914 might have led to the Great War if it had not begun with the killing of an Archduke. But in 1925 one side appealed to the League instead of fighting.

The League was summoned to meet in Paris. Greece and Bulgaria were called before it and ordered to stop fighting. Neutral officers were sent to the frontier to put things right. An enquiry was held and Greece was ordered to pay damages. In a few weeks all was over.

That is how the little war was stopped, and had the League existed in 1914 the Great War might have been stopped in the same way. Let us see what happened in the two cases, one so frightful, one so hopeful.

#### The War that was Stopped

**Oct. 19.** Greek and Bulgarian soldiers quarrel on the frontier.

**Oct. 20-22.** Greek Government gives orders to "repel invasion," and army advances five miles into Bulgaria over a front of 20 miles, demanding apologies and indemnity. Bulgarian proposal for inquiry rejected.

**Oct. 23.** Bulgaria appeals to the League. Meeting of League Council called for Oct. 26. President of the Council, M. Briand, telegraphs to Greece and Bulgaria to "remind the two Governments of solemn obligations undertaken by them as Members of the League not to resort to war, and of grave consequences the Covenant lays down for breaches thereof." He exhorts them to give instructions that no further military movements shall be undertaken and that troops shall retire.

**Oct. 26.** Council meets in Paris. President asks Greek and Bulgarian representatives what steps their Governments have taken to carry out his request to withdraw behind their frontiers. Bulgaria replies that she never crossed the frontier. Greece "will retire as soon as Bulgaria does." The Council thereupon "invites" the two States to inform it within 24 hours that unconditional orders have been given to troops to withdraw, and to inform it further within 60 hours that all troops have been withdrawn and hostilities have ceased. The Council also asks military representatives of Britain, France, and Italy to visit the scene and report.

**Oct. 27.** The Greek representative repeats his statement about Greek retirement being conditional on that of Bulgaria. M. Briand insists on immediate submission.

**Oct. 28.** The Greek representative, after some delay, produces the undertaking from Athens. The Council lays it down that military aggression "in self-defence" can no longer be justified, as the League is now able to offer the means of protection.

**Oct. 29.** Telegram from British, French, and Italian officers that evacuation has begun. Commission appointed to visit the frontier.

**Oct. 30.** Report that evacuation has been completed eight hours within the time limit. Council ends.

**Nov. 6.** Commission meets at Geneva.

**Dec. 7.** Commission reports, proposing an indemnity by Greece to Bulgaria, and suggesting the permanent presence of officers of neutral countries and a permanent Conciliation Commission.

The records of this great event describe how, after the meeting of the Council which stopped the war, M. Briand was seen coming into the reception room where tea was being served, with the Greek delegate on one side and the Bulgarian on the other. He led them to the table, served them both with tea, and left them. They were at peace again.

#### The War that Went On

**June 28.** Austrian Archduke murdered at Serajevo.

**July 20.** Lord Grey suggests that Austria should publish her case against Serbia, whom she accuses.

**July 23.** Austria sends ultimatum to Serbia instead, with a time limit of 48 hours. Grey expresses regret and urges Austria to consult with Russia.

**July 24.** British Ambassador asks Russia to urge Serbia to be conciliatory. Germany supports Austria and warns other Powers against interference. Grey suggests that Germany, France, Italy, and Britain should act together to secure a settlement, and counsels Serbia to yield as much as possible. Russia and Britain ask Austria to give time.

**July 25.** Russia suggests that Serbia should retire before Austrian Army and appeal to the Powers. Russia accepts intervention of four Powers as suggested by Grey. Serbia replies to ultimatum, conceding most of the demands and suggesting reference to The Hague. Austria, however, breaks off diplomatic relations. Grey suggests to Germany that Austria and Russia should be asked not to cross the frontier while four Powers are trying to arrange matters.

**July 26.** Austria mobilises.

**July 27.** Russia proposes conversations with Austria; Grey approves. Germany says Conference would look too much like a Court of Arbitration.

**July 28.** Grey asks Germany to suggest lines on which she would work with the others for peace. Austria declares war on Serbia; refuses conversations with Russia. Russia mobilises. Germany refuses Conference on what she says is Austria's business.

**July 29.** Grey presses Germany; Germany asks if Britain will be neutral in case of war.

**July 30.** Austria, completely mobilised, is willing to talk with Russia. Grey refuses to promise neutrality. Grey proposes Powers should see how Serbia can satisfy Austria without loss of independence.

**July 31.** Russia and Austria accept Grey's suggestion. Russia will wait and Austria will not advance farther. Germany sends ultimatum to Russia requiring her to demobilise in twelve hours. Grey demands that Germany and France shall respect Belgian territory. France agrees.

**Aug. 1.** Grey makes final appeal to Germany, who replies that she is at war.

**Aug. 4.** Germany invades Belgium and Britain declares war.

## MOSUL

### SETTLING A KNOTTY PROBLEM

The League, the British Empire,  
and the Turk

#### WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN?

The Council of the League of Nations had a difficult task in deciding whether the province of Mosul should belong to Turkey or to Mesopotamia.

It was difficult in the first place because there is a queer mixture of races in Mosul, whose wishes it was not easy to get at. But what made it still more difficult for some of the Council Members was that Britain, the protector of Mesopotamia, is a Member of the League while Turkey is still outside, and that Britain is a powerful country while Turkey is comparatively weak. They felt they must be very sure of the facts indeed before they decided in favour of the strong League Member and against the weak outsider.

#### A Damaging Report

Many people think the Council would never have come to the unanimous decision in favour of Britain if Turkey had not put herself badly in the wrong at the critical moment by her army's terrible treatment of the Christian people around the disputed border. The Report on these atrocities came just as the Council of the League was making up its mind whether Mosul could be separated from Mesopotamia.

But the Council has found it necessary to make a condition. Mesopotamia is to look after Mosul if Britain goes on looking after Mesopotamia. Without Britain to help her, the League thinks the new State is not strong or clever enough to take such a responsibility in face of Turkey's hostility, and if Britain will not help it would be better to let Mosul go to Turkey than leave to Mesopotamia an impossible task. So now it is Britain who has had to make a difficult decision.

#### Possibilities of the Future

Britain has a Mandate from the League to give to the new State, in the words of the Covenant, "administrative advice and assistance until such time as she is able to stand alone," and Britain has a Treaty binding her to give this help till 1928, if necessary.

It is believed by the Government that "administrative advice and assistance" will cease to cost us anything by 1928, even if we do go on; already the cost, which has been very heavy in the past, has been brought down to four million pounds a year. But there are others who fear that the anger of Turkey will make war possible at any time, and that we shall have to take precautions which will make things very expensive, even if there is not actual war.

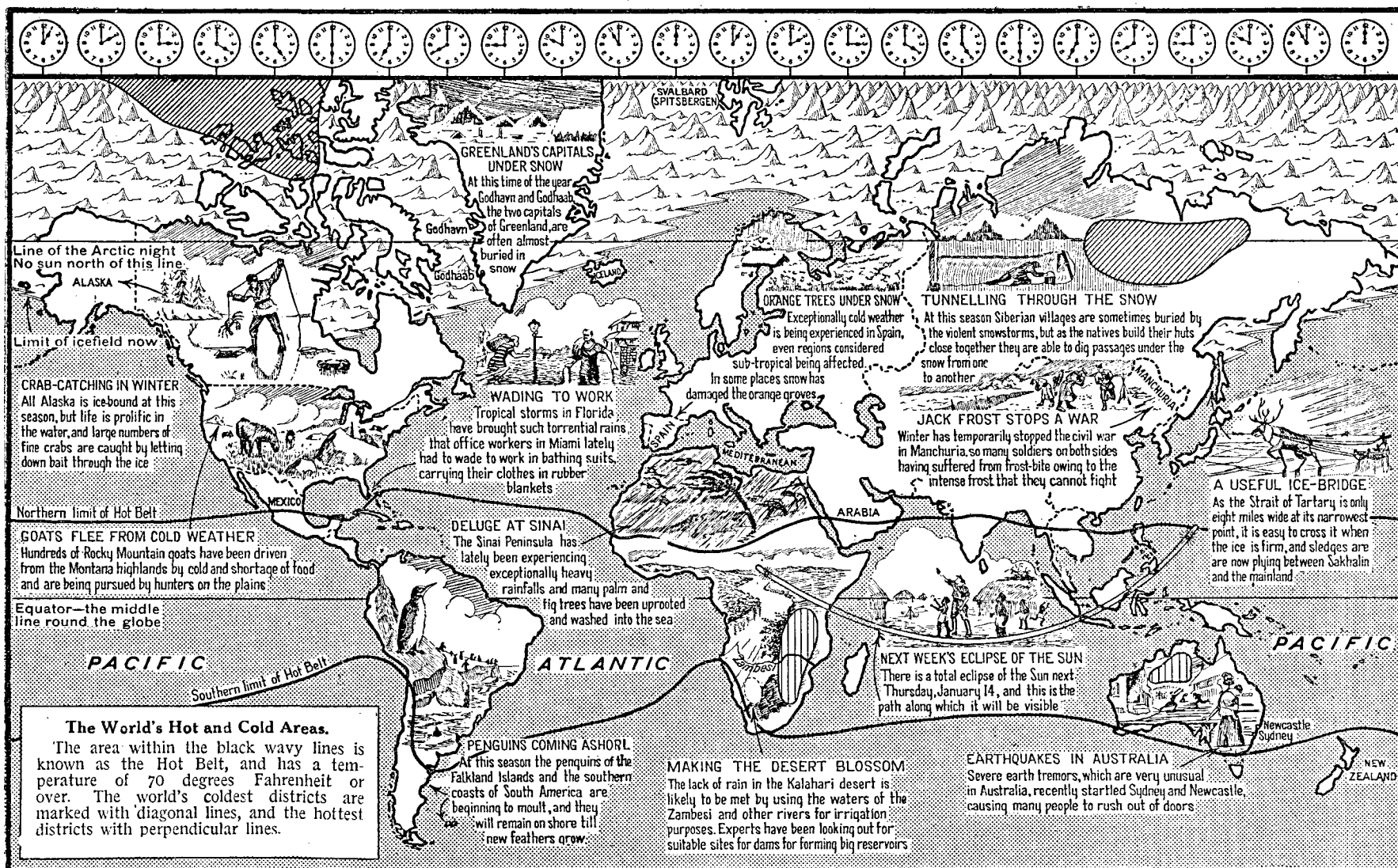
#### Turkey and the League

Turkey is certainly angry, and she has gone back on the promise she was understood to make in the Treaty of Lausanne to accept the decision of the League. But it is not the least likely that she will go to war about it. It is not Britain she would have to face in that case, but the whole League. If she tried to get back Mosul in spite of the League's decision the League would take steps which would cut her off from the rest of the world.

It has been decided that, however unwilling we may be to extend our liabilities in these difficult times, we cannot refuse to do what the League asks of us. Let us hope the young State will be grown up and able to stand alone long before 1950; and that Britain may be able to leave her to her own resources long before the 25 years are up.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



## PEACE AFTER LIFE'S JOURNEY

## Friend of Livingstone and Explorer of Africa

An old gentleman who died in the shadow of poverty at Leigh, in Essex, a few weeks ago was rich in many things which made life great, though those who bore him from his cottage to the public infirmary may not have thought so.

His name, Dr. James Murie, was almost forgotten, for he was very old, only five years short of the century, and all his friends had gone before him. But the story is written in books.

When Africa was indeed the Dark Continent, and Speke and Grant were searching for the sources of the Nile near the Great Lakes, young James Murie went out as doctor with the expedition sent to the relief of the explorers. He was not unknown then. He had been out to West Africa to report on it, and had acted as pathologist in the old Glasgow Infirmary.

Livingstone knew him, and others of the great African travellers were his friends. But when his adventurous days were done James Murie, like the Roman Cincinnatus who returned to his plough, came back to humdrum work in England. He was for a long time at the Zoo, and in his old age he went peacefully fishing, not as an angler, but in order to add to the scientific knowledge of the fishes that explore the Thames.

## ON THE AUTHORITY OF A BURGLAR

Lord Knutsford has passed on to the public a valuable hint from one of his burglar friends, and we pass it on to our readers:

Sir, The cat-burglar season is opening. If ladies will keep their jewels in a safe put in a passage, and not in their bedroom, I have it on the authority of a friend of mine, a retired cat-burglar, that none of them would dare to try to open it.—Yours faithfully, KNUTSFORD

PIGEON POST  
An S O S Carrier

While a French naval seaplane from Bordeaux was exercising in the Bay of Biscay the engines began to missfire, and the pilot had to bring down his plane, and the six observers with him, on to a rather rough sea.

They were out of the sphere of observation, and the plane began to drift seawards.

Night came on, and the plight of the men became perilous. They had no provisions and no wireless. Their one chance lay in a crate of carrier pigeons.

The pilot released them. Most of them appear to have lost their way, but one bird flew back to the air station carrying its appeal for help. When day dawned a salvage boat was sent out with a balloon to search for the seaplane. It was not till night was again falling that the balloon observer spotted it, but by then most of the danger was past, for a trawler had picked up the machine and was towing it. Its dangerous voyage had lasted 29 hours, and the plane had drifted fifty miles.

## DAME PARKINSON AND HER PIPE

## A School in a Cellar Long Ago

The death of a well-known Sunday school superintendent in Lancashire reminds us of the strange things that used to happen.

Born in 1851, this gentleman was sent to school at the age of eight. The school was in a cellar, and it was kept by an old dame named Parkinson, who could not write, could hardly add up a simple sum, and smoked a long churchwarden pipe all day.

When any one of her pupils irritated her Dame Parkinson would throw a stick at him, and when he brought it back, which he was bound to do, she administered a good beating with it.

It was hardly an ideal system of education, but nobody cared much for how children fared in those days.

## THE MAN WHO PLAYED THE GAME

## Cricket Loses a Great Figure

When Mr. A. N. Hornby, the old Lancashire cricket captain, used to come out from the pavilion, whether to bat or to field, everyone brightened up, for they knew he would make the game lively.

When he died, in the last weeks of the old year, the news travelled all over the world, to Australia and India and wherever cricket is played, and everyone was sorry, because he had been in his day the life and soul of our great game.

Everyone knew him as Monkey Hornby, and it is always a sign that a boy or a man is a good fellow when he is called by a nickname. His nickname was given to him because he was such a little chap when he first played for Harrow, and it stuck because he was so active in the field.

Courage that never failed, resolution always to make the best of a bad job or a good one, the sterling character which inspired his fellow cricketers to do likewise—these were some of the things which made him a cricketer to be remembered and a man not to be forgotten.

## GREAT STREET DANGER

## New Law for the Drunken Motorist

One of the last things done by the House of Commons before its adjournment was one of the best—the safeguarding of life in the streets from the danger of the drunken motorist.

In future any drunken motorist is to lose his driving licence for twelve months, with the right to appeal from time to time if he cares to do so.

The only criticism of this wise new law came from an M.P. who thought it hard to imperil the livelihood of motor-drivers, but the overwhelming opinion of the House was that the lives of the public are more important than the livelihood of a drunken man.

## HELPING THE FRANC UPHILL

## Still Another Scheme

## BUSINESS MEN'S IDEA OF A LOAN

For the last two years the franc has travelled a rugged road, mainly downhill with many bumps, and none of the aids to locomotion proposed by the Government has been of much service.

Some of the business men of France have now stepped in with a scheme to save it from a further drop. In order to understand how the scheme may act, the reason of the franc's fall till it is not worth twopence must be examined.

The first cause of all is that France cannot pay for the cost of the war, and is some way removed from trying to do so. War debts are not owed to outsiders alone, but to people in France who subscribed to war loans. They have to be paid interest. If payments of that kind are greater than the sums brought in by taxation then the Government has to borrow more money to make up the difference. In one way a Government can borrow from itself. It can print more bank notes, which do not cost more than the paper and ink on which they are printed but may represent many millions of francs. But every fresh printing of that kind tends to make the bank notes already in circulation worth less and less.

If, however, instead of thus borrowing from itself the Government can borrow from somebody else, the downward course of the franc's value can be stayed. It was stayed in this way two years ago when English and American bankers stepped in with a loan.

What the French business men are proposing to do is to raise a loan among themselves in order to stop the rot. Whether the relief will be permanent remains to be seen. Medicines do not cure. They only give the patient's constitution a pause in which to cure itself.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 9 1926

## The Harness Bright as Gold

THE year is beginning well—at any rate in parts. We have just been delighted with the story of a boy and a horse.

A friend of ours was walking through the Strand the other day watching horses and carts and cars. Presently a magnificent pair came by—not the Lord Mayor's horses, oh, dear no—but a pair of dray horses dragging a load. They had been well groomed, and their harness was a joy to look at. Every bit of brass was shining brightly, the leathers looked as if they knew quite well what saddle soap is. Close behind came another dray, the harness grey and mouldy-looking, all the irons rusty. It was like meeting a happy smiling face and then a scowl.

After that our friend began to count, and counted scores of smiling horses and scores of miserable ones. To her great pleasure she came upon a dray boy in a back street sitting astride one of his horses, polishing away at the harness and whistling merrily. Now and again he put his head back, as an artist will when looking at his canvas, to see the effect. When the passer-by came back the boy had got to the noseband, and all the harness was as bright as gold. This boy was only "the youngest member of the firm," but he was a lesson to many an older man, for he obviously took a great pride in his work.

We know quite well that an unpolished, dull-looking team will do a good day's work, but think of the difference to London, and to every city everywhere, if all the gear of drays and cars alike shone brightly as it went by! It would be almost like living in the long-gone days when carts were painted in bright colours and men wore scarlet cloaks and ladies the loveliest blues, so that anyone whizzing by (if anyone *did* whizz by in those old days of the world) would think that here was a collection of jolly parrots, emerald and green and blue. In streets of colour like that how could anyone be dull? Those people work best who are happiest, and the merry heart goes all the day, as Shakespeare says.

This is only the outside of the case, but the inner aspect is of even greater importance. The man who takes a pride in his work, whatever it be (mending a road, driving a van, building a wall, making little parts of a machine) is the man who has in him the seeds of human dignity and greatness. He labours in this respect not for any reward, but for the work's sake, and he has the right to be proud and to feel that he is doing his share of keeping the world going. He is on the certain road to happiness.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Unpopular Museum

THE new Chamber of Horrors is not popular.

It is not surprising to know that the smallest number of visitors at any museum in London last year was at the Imperial War Museum. It has always been beyond our understanding why the taxpayers' money should be thrown away on this remembrance of a ghastly thing.

## A Beautiful Lady

FRANCE is keeping green the memory of its great historical painter, Jacques Louis David. He it was who painted the famous portrait of Madame Récamier.

It was told of this lady, an idol of Parisian society at the beginning of the Empire, that when she perceived that she was growing old she did not battle against it as some celebrated beauties have done, but accepted it with a delicate philosophy. While driving along the streets in her elegant barouche she noticed one day that children had stopped staring.

"Ah, my dear friend!" she said to a lady, "let there be no longer any illusions; the day I saw that the little Savoyards did not turn round I knew all was over!"

But nothing was really over, for her kindness, her charm, and her enchanting powers of listening to others bound friends to her in a mighty number, and she was ever beautiful.

## In Time's Keeping

THAT is a remarkable little vision with which Sir Martin Conway concludes a review of the book of the Everest Expedition.

Describing the disappearance of Mallory and Irvine, who passed away into a cloud and were seen no more, he points out that no man knows whether these two men reached the top of Everest or not.

Some day, he says, another expedition may go, and, favoured by good weather, may reach the summit without extraordinary difficulty, and then Sir Martin Conway adds:

Perhaps they will find their two predecessors sitting on the rocks surrounded by the vastest panorama of mountain and glacier that can anywhere be displayed.

Things like that have happened in the history of the world. Was it not Sir J. M. Barrie who told us of the youth who fell down in a glacier and was lost? After the passing of years, his surviving companions returned to the glacier to see if the body appeared again. They were all old men now, and their friend's body reappeared as young as on the day he left them. Time had had him in its keeping.

## Hugging a Lilac

IT seems not amiss to remember, just now when we are being told again that plants have senses and powers akin to those of human beings, that there are several references in books to cases where contact with earth and plants has helped people in distress.

It is related of the great French soldier Prince Condé that once, deeply dejected after a reverse, he got off his horse, stripped himself, rolled on the ground, and arose refreshed by the touch of Mother Earth. It was another Frenchman, a famous writer, who once in a great disappointment "went out of doors in his weariness of spirit and embraced the stems of the lilac tree as the only comforting being in the world."

## Tip-Cat

A BUSINESS man should be able to make up his mind in a second. Particularly if he has a second-rate one.

THE winter nose has an unbecoming appearance. But, like the summer one, it grows on you.

THE Briton does his best with his back to the wall. But not if he only leans on it.

CORRESPONDENCE courses in plumbing have been started in the U.S.A.

They want to make the best of the piping times of Peace.

THE man who wears a tall hat does his best to live up to it. But it is always above him.

A STATESMAN always thinks of the next generation. But the next generation does not always think much of him.

IF Shakespeare were alive today, says somebody, he would be looked upon as a very remarkable man. For one thing he would be 361 years old.

IF we can have civilised warfare, may we not hope for a civilised peace?

EVERYBODY has a double somewhere in the world. If it is only a double-chin.

## A Christmas Card

The Editor has overcome his natural modesty in order to allow Mr. Rutland Boughton's daughter to send him this Christmas card through the C.N.

Go, little verse, do all you can To thank that nice good-hearted man Who, in a way most true and kind, Reveals the great to each small mind.

He realised some years ago How much it was we wished to know And so a Children's Paper grew For all of us (for grown-ups too).

Go, little verse, and wish him joy From every girl and every boy Who reads his C.N. and C.P. A merry Christmas, Arthur Mee!

ESTELLE BOUGHTON

## O Star, What Have You Seen?

By Janet Begbie

The old, old stars are looking down on another New Year of the old, old Earth.

OLD star, how fresh you glitter! Not brighter could you show When ancient kings and heroes Beheld you long ago.

YOU'VE seen a painted galley With fifty oars aside, You've seen the Queen of Egypt Come splendid down the tide.

YOU'VE seen a purple litter And sweating slaves thereto, You've seen the King of Romans Who rode the wide world through.

YOU'VE seen four tasselled horses, A chariot of brass, You've seen the King of Persia Through kneeling bondmen pass.

YOU'VE seen a barefoot woman, A baby on her breast, You've seen the King of Heaven Upon His realm at rest.

O WHERE is now the purple, And where the crown of gold? The proud and mighty empires Like fields are split and sold.

AND where is now the Heaven Christ promised to His kin? In starland, or in temples? He bade men look within.

ALONE of ancient kingdoms His doth not shift or part! The Lord of Mary's bosom Still rules the human heart.

## Young John Bull

MANY people like the image of John Bull, the bluff, elderly country squire who has appeared in cartoons all over the world as the typical Englishman. But many people do not, and Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P., is one of these. He thinks Englishmen on the whole are more like Shelley than John Bull. "We are a race of poets," he says. "We have a fine outlook on life; we are a great race of landscape painters; and there is no country in the world where there are so many amateurs as in England."

Yet Mr. Fisher attributes to us a quality which is writ large on the face of the traditional John Bull. The Englishman, he says, is proverbially good-natured, and he adds:

Just before the battle of the Somme M. Jean Barrès came to England to inspect our war efforts. He came to Oxford and the first thing he asked to see were letters from undergraduates at the front. We got a large collection for him. Our young men at the front were singularly free from any spirit of bitterness. Their letters were full of that good temper, that easy-going spirit of chivalry, which is so characteristic of the English.

Our French guest was horrified at what he considered deficiency in hostile temper. He thought an army officered by young men who had so little hostility could never go very far.

Yet it was destined to go somewhere; it went as far as Victory.

If you have a friend, visit him often, for thorns soon cover the path where no one treads.

ORIENTAL PROVERB



## ONE OF AFRICA'S GREAT MEN SWEEPING SLAVERY FROM ALGERIA

### A Hundred Years of Fame for a French Bishop

#### MAN OF MANY MONUMENTS

If we go to the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris one of the first portraits we observe is that of an imposing old man from whom we are hardly able to remove our eyes. If we go to Rome the statue of the same man will hold our gaze. If we go to Tunis again he has a place of honour; if we go to Algiers we find him standing majestically on one of the highest hills. But it is perhaps at Biskra, at the very gate of the desert, that his noble white statue, venerated even by the natives, impresses the traveller most.

This man to whose memory there are monuments in so many places is called the Lincoln of Africa; he is Charles Lavigerie, whose centenary is just now being kept.

#### Lavigerie's Resolve

For the first time, at the age of 22, Charles Lavigerie heard a missionary preach, and that day he resolved to become a missionary. In the meantime he must still work. Lavigerie did work, and while yet very young obtained his degree of professor at the Sorbonne, the highest he could obtain. His activity was wonderful, his eloquence all-conquering, his prestige enormous.

In 1830, when France found Algeria in the heritage of the dethroned dynasty of King Charles the Tenth, two very curious things happened. The first was that France was extremely embarrassed with it. She did not want it.

#### The Cross and the Flag

The second strange event was that it had been announced that the Mohammedan religion would be respected throughout the land. Natural as this would be in England, it was considered remarkable in France. For eight years Algeria was in contact with French political and military life, yet no attempt was made to establish the Church there. The result of this was most unexpected. Instead of considering it as a mark of delicacy, the Arabs interpreted it rather as a sign of impiety; men of deep faith, they were convinced that it is better to have a bad religion than none at all, and they said to one another: "It is a pity that these French people are not even Christians! Where are their churches?"

The French came at last to see that where they set up a cross they would remain longer than where they merely planted a flag, and a bishopric was established in Algiers. It was Lavigerie who was sent there.

#### Campaign Against Slavery

Lavigerie had everything to do. He was simple and kind, and he put his simplicity and kindness into practice.

Abandoned children were wandering in the streets: he established refuges. Orphans had no homes: he founded schools for them. Cholera raged: he had hospitals organised. Showers of locusts destroyed the harvest: he sent new seed to the unfortunate people. Where did he find the money? Some of it in his own pocket, for he was rich; some from the colonists, who worshipped him; some from agricultural enterprises fostered by him. Land could then be obtained in Algeria for a mere song, and it was extremely fertile. Lavigerie had fields and flocks, and sellers in the market, and resources flowed in rapidly.

Then came the day when Lavigerie wrote home: "I have had a visit from a great priest. He spoke to me of Jesus, Abraham, David, and Moses, and when he saw that I knew them all he was enchanted." The union of the

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A tree sent by the New York police to the Nottingham police has been planted in Nottingham Arboretum.

#### Switzerland and Insurance

Switzerland is introducing a national system of old-age and disablement insurance.

#### Freezing at a Fire

At a fire at Benenden National Sanatorium, in Kent, a fireman was frozen to the top of a ladder and had to be sawn off.

#### Aberdeen follows Glasgow

Aberdeen Town Council has decided to follow Glasgow by ordering that no alcohol shall be provided at any of its official functions.

A man of forty-eight told the Blackburn magistrate the other day that he was unable to read a footpath notice.

#### A Wise Choice

Market Bosworth workhouse inmates chose fruit in preference to beer with their Christmas dinner.

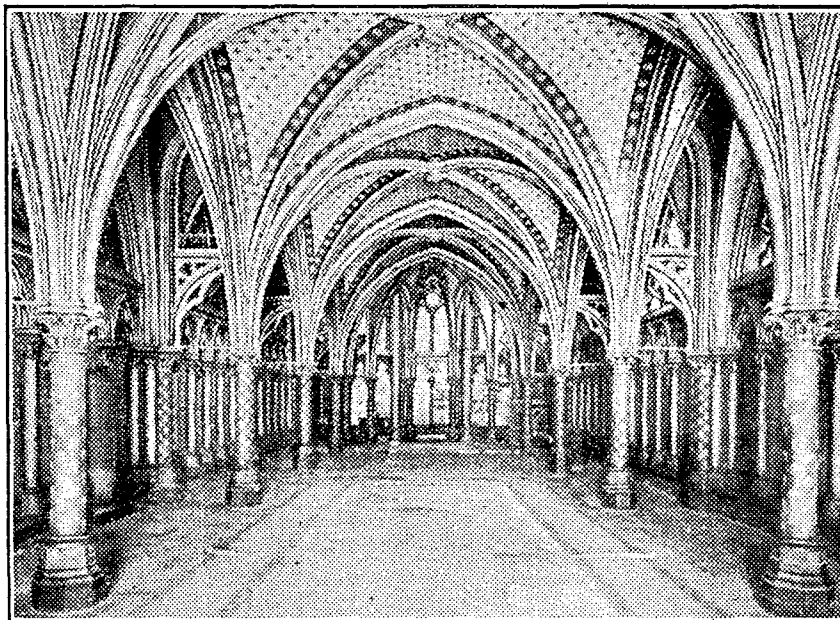
#### Kindly Ship's Crew

The officers and crew of the U.S. liner Leviathan gave a Christmas party to a thousand of the poor children of Southampton.

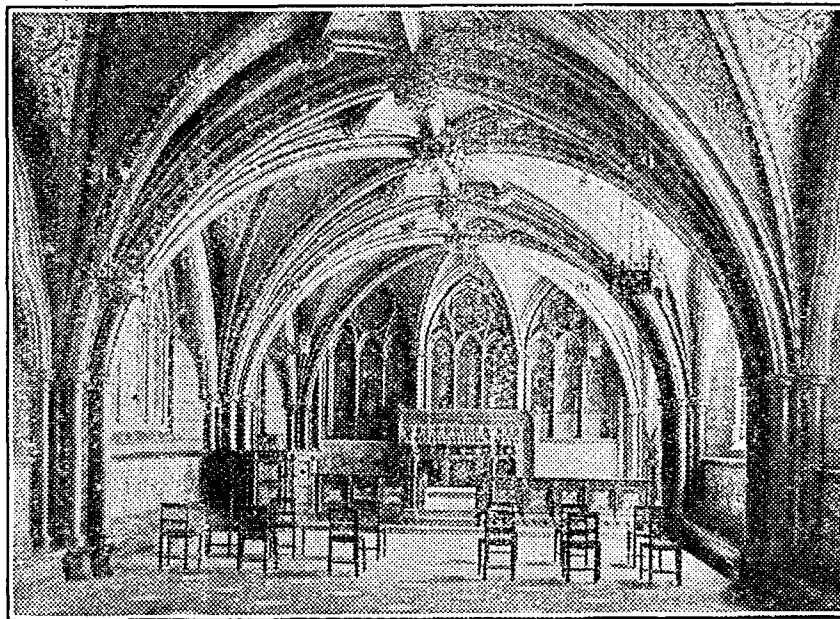
#### A Great Musician Honoured

To celebrate his sixtieth birthday, Finland has increased the pension of Jan Sibelius, her famous composer, to about £500 a year.

## LITTLE CHAPELS IN PARIS AND LONDON



This beautiful little crypt of the House of Commons has now been declared to belong to all denominations, and there will from now be no more disputes as to whether Members of Parliament may have their children christened here or not. The crypt is one of the rarest gems of architecture in London, part of the old Houses of Parliament saved from the fire. It was built in the thirteenth century.



This is the lower chapel of Ste. Chapelle in Paris, of which the House of Commons crypt is a copy. Ste. Chapelle was built in the thirteenth century as a shrine for the Crown of Thorns which St. Louis was supposed to have brought from his Crusade.

two peoples was consecrated by that discovery of the Mohammedans.

But to continue the accomplishment of a work did not suffice for the almost supernatural activity of such a man as Lavigerie. Vaster plans were germinating in his fertile mind. He determined that he would wipe out the horrible name of the Slave Coast, by which Algeria was known. An ungrateful task among the most ungrateful it was, for the slave trade was highly profitable for the country, at least 400,000 Arabs and Negroes being sold in a year.

Suddenly Lavigerie left Algeria. He travelled in England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. He spoke in all these countries and

the people listened to him, admired him, and joined in his efforts. A campaign of great importance was now begun, a campaign against slavery reaching from the Congo to Zanzibar, of which the first result was that in 1890 a decree of the Bey of Tunis suppressed slavery in his States, and the latest result was that the League of Nations last year declared its intention of wiping out all remnants of this ghastly traffic.

Today Lavigerie rests in Carthage and his centenary is being celebrated as that of one of the greatest figures in the development of Africa, a man whose work was great because it was built upon reason, justice, and charity.

## A NATION IN SEARCH OF A FLAG

### TURKEY WANTS A NEW STANDARD

#### Curious Problem of a Nation Reforming Itself

#### A NATIONAL FINGER-PRINT

Among the many things desired by Turkey in her act of reforming herself is a new national flag. She has no longer a Sultan, so she has abolished the emblem and titles which appeared for ages on the royal standard, on the coins, on the stamps, and on other articles of national significance.

The first new suggestion was a wolf. As Rome honours the wolf for having, according to tradition, suckled Romulus and Remus, so the Turks have a legend that a wolf aided their tribal chiefs by acting as guide when they were lost in the wilds of Central Asia.

Before the wolf could be accepted as the new national emblem, however, it was remembered that a wolf recalls the fact that the Romans, under Constantine, founded Constantinople, a circumstance which Turks desire to forget, for it makes Turkey appear a modern upstart among ancient peoples.

#### National Finger-Prints

So the wolf will not do, and learned Turks are still hunting through the heraldic Zoo to find an animal or a bird which will suitably stand as the "silent parable," which such an emblem is supposed to be. The old royal standard, which is now being suppressed, certainly was a parable for those who could read its meaning.

When the conquering Murad the First came to sign a treaty in the 14th century, he confessed himself unable to write, so he dipped his right hand into the ink and made his mark. It was one of the first cases on record of national "finger-prints," for the open hand left the impression on the document of the first, second, and third fingers close together, with the thumb and little finger outspread to left and right.

#### Murad and His Mark

Within the spaces thus left between the marks the official Turkish scribe wrote in the name and titles of Murad, who was then described as Khan and "Ever Victorious," and that smeared impression of the hand that could not write became the Royal Standard of Turkey for over 500 years.

Flags are of real importance to nations for reasons which everyone knows; and the way they must be employed is governed by an international code which must not be broken. Claiming the sovereignty of the seas, England long ago insisted that the flags of other nations should be dipped to ours aloft. One of the strangest incidents in history arose over a failure to accord our ships this courtesy.

#### An Incident at Sea

In May, 1554, a Spanish fleet of 160 Spanish ships came sailing up the Channel conveying no less a personage than Philip of Spain, who was later to launch his Invincible Armada against England. But now he was bent on peace, for the errand of this infamous man was to marry our infamous Queen Mary. On and on came the Spaniards, and presently an English fleet met them, 28 little wooden vessels under Admiral Lord Howard.

The Spaniards knew that they should pay the customary honour to the English warships, but the haughty Philip scorned them and sailed magnificently on. He did not know the English seaman; Philip never understood him. He awoke from his dreamy misconception very shortly, however, for, though the Spanish King was coming to marry our Queen, Howard sent a round shot crashing through the bows of the Spanish admiral's flagship. Then the flagship saluted our flag!



## A CITY COLLECTION OF PICTURES

### GUILDHALL STORY OF GOOD FORTUNE

#### A Seed that Bore Fruit After Many Days

#### SIR ALFRED TEMPLE'S GOOD TURN FOR LONDON

The Art Gallery of the Guildhall, one of the most interesting places in London, may be enlarged before very long if the director, Sir Alfred Temple, can persuade the City Fathers to spend a goodly sum of £200,000.

The Corporation, never poor-spirited, may be relied on to do their best for such a distinguished servant as Sir Alfred, who has known and talked with all the most eminent artists and art-lovers of the past half-century. In conversation with a friend of the C.N. the other day, this delightful gentleman told the story of how he secured a magnificent collection of pictures for the City.

#### Taking a Bold Step

"They belonged to a wine merchant named Charles Gassiot," said Sir Alfred, "and included in his collection was a picture by Constable worth £15,000. I knew Mr. Gassiot very well, and I thought I would take a bold step one day when I was lunching with him at his home in Tooting. He was then a man of 70, so I asked him what he thought of doing with his pictures.

"Oh," he said, "I may leave them to the Tate Gallery—or perhaps I may send them to Christie's."

"I paused a moment to keep up my courage for the bombshell of my next remark," said Sir Alfred, and then I asked: "Why don't you do the great thing, and leave them to the City?"

#### The End of the Story

Then Sir Alfred's heart sank into his boots, for Mr. Gassiot fixed him with a glassy stare and said in a frozen voice: "Shall we join Mrs. Gassiot in the drawing-room?"

But, fortunately for the City and for all lovers of beautiful things, that was not the end of the story. True, the conversation for the rest of that afternoon was strained, and Sir Alfred left the house firmly convinced that he had offended a friend and lost all chance of getting even one or two of the pictures for which he longed. But nine months later he received a note from Mr. Gassiot saying, "Can you come to Brighton and lunch with me?"

#### A Lunch at Brighton

"To be sure," Sir Alfred told the C.N., "I lost no time. Mr. and Mrs. Gassiot met me at the station, and took me for a drive along King's Road in their barouche. But nothing was said about the subject on which I had set all my hopes and fears until we returned to the hotel. There, just as we were going into the dining-room for lunch, Mr. Gassiot put his arm round my shoulder and said in a kind voice: "I've done what you asked me. I've left my pictures to the City—all of them. Here is my draft will, and we'll go into it after lunch and attend to details."

The Director of the Guildhall Gallery ate no lunch that day. He was far too excited. And when the collection, worth nearly a quarter of a million pounds, came to the City at Mr. Gassiot's death it was found that he had even provided that his executors should pay for the glazing of the unprotected canvases, for he himself never kept his pictures under glass. Even that saved the City £400

## NEWS FROM HUMBUG SCRUB

Our old friend Mr. T. P. Bellchambers, of the Wild Life Sanctuary in South Australia, begins his new year with the assurance of increasing recognition. His Nature Lovers League is now duly launched and is getting to work. Letters from C.N. readers have encouraged him greatly. He says:

Once lonely and friendless, I am now blessed with a host of unknown friends, as well as many known and valued. I gave love to the wild creatures I knew, and it has come back to me through my own kind, pressed down and in overflowing measure.

At present a most interesting time is here. All the little bush folk are busy with their nests and young. The scrub land is very beautiful with a wonderful variety of flowers. Rain was needed, and we got four and a half inches in nine stormy days, with cold winds. Some of the scrub birds perished, the honey-eaters being the worst sufferers.

The summer of 1926 will bring the fiftieth anniversary of my landing in this wonderful land of old-world dreams—a land of living fossils, as it has been called. My thought right down the years has been that if God includes these creatures in His loving care He will be with the work that seeks to preserve them. It really seems as if a larger measure of God's pity is now finding a place in human hearts. Come February I shall be 69.

#### An Old Friend Back Again

Then follow some observations by Mr. Bellchambers on the habits and the fortunes of the wild creatures he watches so closely—particularly on the hairy-nosed wombat, the black drake Newy, the white-winged chough Jock, and the sooty kangaroo.

One of the hairy-nosed wombats had tunneled under the fence for a ramble, and it was killed by some vandal before we could recover it. It is strange how many men come to be obsessed with the lust of blood.

An old friend who has already been introduced to C.N. readers is back at the homestead. This is the wild black drake that peeped in at the door one night when Mr. Bellchambers was writing to us. This bird was one of the first wild ducks to join up with the flock brought from the old Bellchambers home on the Murray River. The children noticed his presence and called him Newy. That was many years ago, but he still keeps the name.

#### Newy and His Wives

He has broken duck law by taking to himself two wives. Both have come back to the old nesting sites, and one has already hatched out twelve ducklings in the emu paddock, where they are safe from foxes; while the other was expected to hatch out soon after these notes left Australia. Our old friend brings his mates to the house every day for food, and escorts them back to their nests after they have finished with a bath in the creek. Newy and his wives have reared many families, but he is still a handsome bird.

Duck law, to which Mr. Bellchambers refers, is that each pair must select a nesting site away from other pairs. The site chosen is sacred as long as a pair can hatch their broods in safety. They will return hundreds of miles to the old home spot, and unfailingly pick out the same sheltering bush or hollow tree spout; and they stick to their partners for life.

#### Inherited Knowledge

Jock, the white-winged chough, was a founding, blown out of its nest during a storm when quite small, and rescued by a boy. It had liberty from the first, but it adopted our family as its own. Jock soon won the affection of all. He roosts, winter and summer alike, in the high gum trees, and every morning sees him at the door calling for his human friends to get up.

He is as fond of petting as a cat, and will nestle down in your lap or circle round from shoulder to shoulder at mealtimes, always keeping off the table

while Mrs. Bellchambers is present, but transgressing if she goes out, for he knows the young folks are not so strict.

Jock shows the inherited knowledge of his tribe, for though he has no mate he builds an orthodox chough's nest of reinforced clay high up in a pine tree.

He has the power at will of encircling his eyes with a red membrane, and this he does while spreading his wings as a welcome to anyone who has been absent, at the same time bending his body to the ground as if in an act of homage. We notice that his wild companions greet Jock in the same way when they meet him.

The chough is a useful forest bird. It delights in the vast solitudes of the unbroken scrub; yet it is often met with near human habitations. Its habits with its kind are social, but its flocks seldom exceed a dozen birds. We have noticed that more than one pair are in attendance on the young. It would seem, indeed, that the young are a charge on the community.

#### Delight in Sham Fights

The sooty kangaroo, a native of Kangaroo Island, is now breeding in the Sanctuary. It is kindly in disposition, though, like all kangaroos, it takes a great delight in sham fights. A full-grown male will stand six feet high when facing his antagonist. There is a lot of sparring before they clinch, and when they get excited they find expression in fierce guttural sounds. In these fights Mr. Bellchambers has never known the kangaroo to use the formidable ripping claw which is used on the dingo or the white man's hunting dogs. The very first thing a baby kangaroo does is to play at fighting with its mother. It is amusing to watch the gentleness with which the father meets the playful antics of the little one. Family affection is strong in this group. Mr. Bellchambers has seen them pick up their young in their arms, and like a frightened child that hides its head in its mother's lap, so the baby kangaroo will hide its head in its mother's pouch when strangers approach.

#### A Wrong Idea of Sport

Wild kangaroos come into the Sanctuary almost nightly and are made welcome and become very tame. The only fencing against them is round a patch of green feed kept for the kangaroos that belong to the place.

It is saddening to think how the peace that had endured for these creatures through long ages has been broken by the white man's occupation. Apparently there is a necessary destruction of life, but why should it be accompanied by a callous lust of blood and a glorying in the slaughter of innocent creatures? This feeling is the harder to combat because it is looked upon as a manly trait, and indulgence in it is supposed to be good sport.

#### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A necklace of 63 pearls . . .	£7800
12 Adam armchairs . . .	£840
Two panels of Flemish tapestry . . .	£519
A book by G. Durandus, 1459 . . .	£460
A Great Auk's egg . . .	£320
Set of 15 Chippendale chairs . . .	£315
Four Georgian silver dishes . . .	£300
A Gothic cupboard . . .	£294
Kipling's Schoolboy Lyrics . . .	£290
A British boar . . .	£262
A Sheraton bookcase . . .	£220
1st edition of Gulliver's Travels . . .	£172
Four 17th-century Italian chairs . . .	£136
The Kelmscott Chaucer, 1896 . . .	£134
Portrait by Joseph Highmore . . .	£125
A sketch by A. D. McCormick . . .	£51
An autograph sonnet by Tasso . . .	£30
1st edition of Keats's Lamia . . .	£24

## BREAKING UP THE POOR LAW

### GOODBYE TO THE GUARDIANS

#### Twenty Years of Talk May End in Action at Last

#### OUT-OF-DATE WAYS

It is twenty years since a Royal Commission was appointed to consider the arrangements we make for looking after people too poor to look after themselves, and ever since there has been general agreement that certain changes must be brought about.

But it is only now that the Government has outlined a scheme and has sent it out to local authorities for consideration. Later there will be a conference, and, if reasonable agreement can be reached, a Bill in Parliament.

#### The Pauper Taint

It is generally agreed that it is wrong to treat all people who cannot support themselves as if they belonged to a class apart, and to put them under a different authority from the rest of the citizens. At present the Guardians of the Poor are responsible for infants, for school children, for the sick, for the insane, for the people who are out of work, and for the old, so long as they cannot support themselves.

But we have special arrangements for infant welfare which all parents, rich or poor, may use; we have schools for all, hospitals for all, insurance schemes for people out of work, pensions for the old and for widows. Why should not "the poor" whom the Guardians look after be looked after by the same organisations that look after all these, and so get rid of the "pauper taint"?

#### End of Old Ideas

That is what is meant by "breaking up the Poor Law." However able and painstaking a Board of Guardians may be, its members cannot be experts in all these kinds of public service at once; why not divide their charges up among the authorities who are separately experts on each of them?

We know that poverty is due to many causes, and we are trying to cure each cause in its appropriate way. The Boards of Guardians were established in the days when we thought poverty incurable, and when we had no other idea for dealing with it than sending people to the workhouse. Now that the old ideas are gone it is time the old machinery should go too. Boards of Guardians have become out-of-date and must go.

## NEW CITIZENS FOR FRANCE

### Where Italians are Going

The United States will not have Italy's surplus population, but France is welcoming them with open arms.

There is a treaty regulating their transfer, and in two Departments of France alone—in the basin of the Garonne—50,000 Italians have settled in three years. France wants farmers and farm labourers and industrial workers too, and Italians want homes and work.

The men go and find farms or situations and then go home to fetch their families. At present they tend to make colonies of their own, but their children attend the French schools, and in a generation or two the Italians will probably have been absorbed into the French nation.

The French of the Garonne, who still remember the good behaviour of Wellington's troops in their country when we were fighting Napoleon, would rejoice if Englishmen followed the example of the Italians.

France's need of rural workers comes from the development of her industries, which is taking the country people into the towns, as in our own country.



## A DAY IN OLD ATHENS

### WHAT THE GREAT CITY WAS LIKE

The Life of a Lady and Gentleman in Those Days

### HOME OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CRAFTSMEN

THE BOOK OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS. By Dorothy Mills, M.A. (Putnam). 9s.

What was Athens really like in the great days of Greece?

We are apt to look on the ancient Greeks as people who made beautiful things, and they are so far off that we do not easily imagine them as human beings. Miss Dorothy Mills has brought the past back to us very delightfully, and we can almost hear the people who are mentioned in her pages speak aloud.

She takes us everywhere, and among other things she gives us a glimpse of the daily life of an Athenian. It begins, of course, at home—a strange sort of home, we may think. The Greeks could hardly be called house-proud. The men were much more concerned in the affairs of State, in the business of the town, than in their domestic life. Home was a place where they ate and slept, and now and again played with their children.

#### Unpretentious Houses

The houses looked very much alike, generally of one storey only. An Athenian gentleman did not think a great house made him any greater, and a stranger passing along the street would have been hard put to it to distinguish the dwelling of a renowned man from that of an ordinary citizen.

All the houses had a blind appearance. There were no windows on the street. All the windows opened on to a courtyard round which each dwelling was built. The great door was kept shut and bolted, but there was a knocker on it—very often a ring inside a lion's mouth—and a slave sat in a room just inside the door to answer the visitor's knock.

Every Athenian housewife spun her flax and wove her own linen, made her own bread, made most of the things, in fact, that nowadays we go to shops for. She had plenty of girls to work for her, and was very happy in that enclosed life, never dreaming of wanting to share the public life of the men. She educated her sons till they were seven, when they went to school, and she educated her girls till they were fifteen or so, and of an age to be married.

#### A Good Housekeeper

She was a wonderful tale-teller, and could join in a game of ball with her little ones, and sit in the swing in the courtyard by the fountains and the flowers when her work was done. She never lost the fascination for keeping house that all young girls get at one time or another, and sometimes retain all their lives and sometimes lose. She was very beautiful, too, because her mind was simple and happy, and her body well developed.

There are plenty of old English ladies who have said, "The girl who has the most beautiful arms and figure is the girl who has made most beds and kneaded bread the oftenest." It is very delightful to find that statement almost word for word in the writings of Xenophon over two thousand years ago.

#### The Lively Market-Place

The day began early in Athens. Boys were off to school and workmen to work soon after sunrise. The town gates were opened at dawn, and in from the country came market carts bearing fruit and produce, as they do now on market day in rural English towns. Shops as we understand them did not exist. All roads from the gates led to the market-place where everything was sold, and here in the morning the life of Athens centred. Here the slaves came to buy food; and sometimes, if there was going to be a

## THE TROUBLES OF CHILE

### Effect of World Changes NITRATE INDUSTRY LESS PROSPEROUS

From a School in Chile

The way in which the world is linked together by trade and the doings of one part affect the doings of another part far away is shown in a college essay sent to us from Temuco in central Chile not long ago.

It tells how scientific inventions and changes in trade here affect prosperity there and cause some anxiety. This is what the writer says. It is sent to us because the C.N. is read in the school at Temuco.

Sodium nitrate is being used largely as a fertiliser for agriculture all over the world, especially where wheat is grown. Until recently it has been the only fertiliser found satisfactory on a large scale, and the demand for the United States and Canada has been very considerable.

Northern Chile has, near the surface of the soil, enormous beds of nitrate, and the removal and exportation of it is an industry most important to the country. Iquique is the main centre of the nitrate trade.

#### How Nitrate is Obtained

The ground is blown up with dynamite and the crude nitrate (called caliche) is obtained. The nitrate then goes through a refining process. It is put in huge boilers and melted to a liquid state, then run into smaller tanks and allowed to cool. The useless part is drained off and the fertilising nitrate left is sent by rail to the port.

But Chilean nitrate is not now in such great demand, and its value is lessening. The price of fuel for the melting process is high, and there is a heavy tax on exportation. Those who labour at the works are also discontented, and so the industry is beset with difficulties.

This state of things has been brought about by competition from other fertilisers in other parts of the world. Sulphate of ammonia is being largely made, and nitrogen compounds are being extracted from nitrogen in the air.

It seems as if the price of nitrate must come down, and it is hoped that the Government will reduce the tax on exportation by as much as will halve the loss on a lower price.

Continued from the previous column

great dinner at home, they were accompanied by their lords, but often enough they just bore commands from the mistress at home.

The Athenian gentlemen met in the market-place as villagers meet on the green. They had plenty to talk about: trade, seaboard affairs, other Greek States and colonies, their own jurisdiction. According to their rank they had certain duties, but the duty to the State belonged to every free-born Athenian, and he never shirked it. Once every ten days the market would be deserted, and all the men of Athens over thirty would be at the Assembly, a great open-air Parliament House, where the business of the State was done.

In the afternoon, after a light meal, the men were abroad elsewhere, perhaps at the gymnasias, where youths were training, perhaps down in the quarter where the famous vases were made.

Of these and many other fascinating things we must read in Miss Mills's book. We like to remember her chapter on these vases, the most wonderful craft the world has known, thousands of them made and no two quite alike. The pride and joy of workmanship was very beautiful. A Greek writer once said:

*There is no sweeter solace in life for human ills than craftsmanship; for the mind, absorbed in its study, sails past all troubles and forgets them.*

And the Greek craftsmen seem to have found it so.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

### Poor Edmund Spenser

On January 13, 1599, Edmund Spenser died.

Poorly, poor man, he lived; poorly, poor man, he died. PHINEAS FLETCHER

In the Munster insurrection of October the new Earl of Desmond's followers did not forget that Kilcolman was an old possession of the Desmonds. It was sacked and burnt. Jonson related that a little new-born child of Spenser's perished in the flames. Spenser and his wife escaped, and he came over then to England, a ruined and heart-broken man.

He died, said Jonson, for lack of bread in King Street, Westminster, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, saying that he had no time to spend them. Beyond this, we know nothing; nothing about the details of his escape, nothing of the fate of his manuscripts, or the condition in which he left his work, nothing about the suffering he went through in England.

We only know that the first of English poets perished miserably and prematurely, one of the many sacrifices which the evil fortune of Ireland has cost to England; one of the many illustrious victims to the madness, the evil customs, the vengeance of an ill-treated and ill-governed people.

DEAN CHURCH

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

#### Which is the Largest River, the Amazon or the Mississippi?

The Amazon is 4000 miles long and the Mississippi only 2500.

#### On what Dates Do the Four Seasons of 1926 Begin?

Spring on March 21, Summer on June 22, Autumn on September 23, and Winter on December 22.

#### What is the Origin of the Name Santa Claus?

Santa Claus means St. Nicholas, and has come to us through the Dutch, where the saint's name is Sant Klaas.

#### What are the Proper Names of the Indian Buffalo and American Bison?

The Indian buffalo is known to science as *Bos bubalus* or *Bubalus bubalus*, and the American bison as *Bos americanus* or *Bison americanus*.

#### Do Ships Pay Tolls to Go Through the Suez and Panama Canals?

Yes; heavy tolls, but the time saved makes it well worth while. In the last year for which full figures are available, 1923, the money paid in tolls at Panama was nearly £5,000,000, and at Suez about £7,500,000.

#### Who First Deciphered Assyrian and Babylonian Inscriptions?

In 1802 Georg Grotefend, a German scholar, identified Darius and other royal names and thus discovered the key to the decipherment of one of the three languages written in Cuneiform, the Old Persian. It was Sir Henry Rawlinson, however, who first deciphered the Babylonian. Assyrian Cuneiform is a simplified Babylonian.

#### What is the Origin of Kissing Under the Mistletoe?

In Scandinavian mythology Balder was killed by a mistletoe-arrow given to the blind Hoder by Loki, the God of mischief and ruler of the Earth. Balder was restored to life, but mistletoe was henceforth placed under the care of Friga. Hanging the mistletoe in our homes comes from old times, and the kiss given under the hanging sprig is supposed to be the kiss of peace in assurance that the plant is no longer an instrument of mischief.

#### How can Sticklebacks be Bred in an Aquarium?

Sticklebacks should be caught at the end of April and placed in an aquarium well stocked with growing plants containing much minute animal life such as water-fleas. No other fish should be placed in the same aquarium. It the tank is a fair size there should be two males and eight females. The male fish will at once construct nests and then seek wives. The females enter the nests and lay the eggs, the male guards them and, after they have hatched out, watches over the young. For further details see G. C. Bateman's Freshwater Aquaria.

## FOUR ECLIPSES

### SHADOW CROSSES THE INDIAN OCEAN

#### Algol and its Dark Companion Hide Each Other

#### WHY THE LIGHT WAXES AND WANES

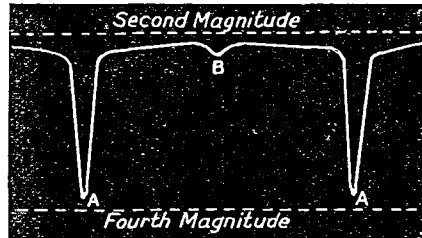
By the C.N. Astronomer

The total eclipse of the Sun on Thursday will not interest us very much, because nearly 8000 miles of Mother Earth will be between us and the area of the event, the shadow of the eclipsed Sun passing from East Africa to Borneo, across the Indian Ocean.

In Southern India, China, and Northern Australia a partial eclipse will be observed. The world map on page 5 shows the path of the eclipse.

However, if fine, we may see the eclipse of a sun 5,331,000 times as far away as our own on Sunday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings. This sun is the well-known Algol, which was described in detail in the C.N. for last November 28, with a star-map of Perseus showing how to find it.

Now, if Algol be observed between 7 and 8 o'clock on Sunday night it will



The light-curve of Algol

be found almost exactly overhead, and will be seen to be in full radiance of 2.3 magnitude, almost as bright as Alpha in Perseus. But soon after 8 o'clock Algol's brilliance will begin to decline, very slowly at first, for its great dark planetary companion is only beginning to come between us and its sun Algol.

As the evening progresses this dark companion will obscure more and more of Algol until, between 12.30 and 1 o'clock, it will have become quite an insignificant star of nearly fourth magnitude.

Actually only a thin crescent representing one-sixth of Algol's disc would be visible if we had a telescope powerful enough to show it, for careful measurement proves that we are deprived of five-sixths of Algol's light at the time of greatest eclipse. In the course of the succeeding three and a half hours it regains its normal brilliancy.

#### Round a Sun in Three Days

By Wednesday evening, January 13, the companion will be back again between us and Algol, having travelled right round him, and taking 2 days, 20 hours, and 49 minutes to do so. This time the minimum of the eclipse will be at about 9.30 p.m.

Again, on Saturday evening, January 16, between 6 and 6.30 p.m., the great dark world will be once more between us and Algol. So it keeps on with un-failing regularity, and will do so for some thousands of years, until the speed of our solar system through space and that of Algol removes this great world out of the line of sight of our tiny one.

The diagram shows what a great drop (A) there is in Algol's light at the time of eclipse, and also a much smaller drop (B) midway between the eclipse minima. The reason for B is that Algol is then eclipsing his planetary Companion, so a great part of its light is obscured by Algol.

It is significant that the combined light from these two bodies continues to increase up to just before the secondary eclipse (B). Is not this precisely what we should expect, if Algol's companion shone partly by the reflected light of Algol? G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the evening, Venus south-west; Uranus south. In the morning Mercury, Mars, and Saturn south-east.



# BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through

By Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 27 Breaking Point

GARRY said the words slowly over again: "I said you could have the paper when we had finished with it," he repeated. "We're busy. Don't talk."

He had begun to breathe with strangely quick little breaths like those of a swimmer who is meeting rough water.

Within him at that moment, and very suddenly all that he had put up with from Tadworth came to a head. They boiled up within him—the affronts engineered by Soppo, the stealthy thrusts and nasty sly little digs which Soppo had manoeuvred, the spiteful acts. All that he had borne with a grin and let pass—Nightingale's sneering allusions, Lubbock's rough gibes, Brougham's change-over from good comradeship to stand-off coldness, the waddling Turner's veiled, second-hand impertinences; these boiled across Garry's mind in a scalding flood.

The sight of the sullen mouth so close to his own, of the scowling heavy features, added fuel to the flame. For all of it, he remembered, he owed to this Tadworth.

His endurance had been stretched to the breaking-point. It was breaking now. A queer tremor ran through his limbs.

Did Soppo Tadworth misread that tremor? Very likely he did; for he flung a taunt at the quivering tight-lipped figure.

"You!" he taunted. "You're a nice chap to say 'Don't talk!' You're the fellow for talking if ever there was one! Who talked so big about getting into Big School? Who swanked about going to Cambridge?"

"Have you finished?" came from Garry in a quick breath.

"Finished!" roared Soppo. "Not I! I've not finished yet."

Feddon touched his friend's arm.

"Let's clear off," he whispered.

But Garry stood perfectly still, his eyes fixed on Tadworth's.

"Finished! No, it's time you were told some home-truths, Garry. I'm fed-up with your airs if nobody else is. Who's got to leave in July to become an errand-boy? Eh, Garry? Answer me that."

Very quietly Garry replied:

"Oh, that's your version? I'm leaving in July, am I?"

"I know you're leaving," leered Soppo. "Those kids let it out."

"Did they tell you I was leaving to be an errand-boy?"

"I know you are. You can't deny it. Can you deny it?"

Soppo swung round to the others. "Just look at his face!" he cried viciously. "Look at his face! That'll show you he knows that it's true."

And Garry's face indeed had gone perfectly white, but not for the reason which his tormentor supposed.

"We'll have that out," he said, "before we go on, Tadworth."

"Go on! I don't want to go on. I don't want any truck with errand-boys, Garry!"

"Perhaps you'll have to," said Garry, in an odd tone. "And, anyhow, we'll go on with this now we've started. Why shouldn't I do what I like when I leave East-borough, Tadworth?"

There was that in his voice and insistence which might have warned Soppo.

But he glanced at his party and only read their amusement.

"An errand-boy!" he jeered viciously, making great play with it. "Carrying round parcels after all your swank about Cambridge."

"Well, why shouldn't I carry parcels round if that's my job?"

Garry continued, in that curiously suppressed tone. "People at East-borough have to run with messages, haven't they? They have to run errands, don't they? You do your share, Tadworth. I've seen you. You run about on errands with bowlers and spats."

Garry did not smile as he said this, but one or two sniggered, and Tadworth's scowl betrayed how the thrust had gone home.

Contempt crept to Garry's voice.

"Do you think," he went on, "that I'll be ashamed of my job, whatever it is? But if people interfere with me at my job, shall I tell you how I mean to answer them, Tadworth?"

"By preaching at them?" leered Soppo.

"No. This way," said Garry. And hit him full on the mouth.

"This way!" he said again. And slapped Soppo's cheeks.

Just for a moment the onlookers stood transfixed. Tadworth, who had reeled back and nearly fallen, recovered himself and, clapping one hand to his mouth, spluttered something and glared round him like a man stupefied. Through the fingers over his mouth a trickle of blood oozed. His underlip had been cut, badly cut, on his teeth.

And swiftly—for he was not deficient in courage—he dropped his hands, and ere any sensed his intention, he hurled himself with a rush at the man who had hit him.

Growling deep in his throat, brushing Nightingale on one side, he threw Garry off his balance and sent him backwards against the stone of the window. Then again and again he struck him, thus penned to the wall.

The others, finding their tongues, tried to pull him away. But he went on aiming his blind and fury-mad blows.

His wild fury did not serve him. Garry ducked low and, diving swiftly, he twisted round and seized Tadworth's waist. Then at once he crooked a leg round his enemy's.

Against the tables they crashed, swaying backward and forward, till, locked together still, they came to the ground. The dust rose round them in clouds. They panted and strove. The collar of one was in rags, the other's coat torn.

Over and over they wrestled.

Soppo Tadworth was doing all he could to break free in order to use his greater weight and his fists again. Garry was struggling to turn him flat on his back as a preliminary to bestriding and pinning him down. He did not want to use his fists any more. That underlip would be swollen for days and days; he had left his trademark on Soppo's face, he reflected grimly.

The under-man worked one arm loose, crooked his hand like a talon, and first clawed at Garry's nose, and next, bit by bit, fastened a grip on his chin and pressed it upward. Back and back he forced it, farther and farther.

Garry felt as if his neck had to break.

If it broke, it must break! He was not going to let go his hold. He had got his man where he wanted him, or nearly so, and though his neck was in torture, still he held on. There wasn't any torture of bone or body which, in that fierce instant, could have made Garry loosen his hold.

In vain Nightingale tried again to tear them apart.

For his alarm and that of the others was real. At any moment now some senior might enter, or, worst of all, some prefect, and that would spell trouble. For whether the pair on the floor were officially "fighting," or whether they could only be said to be scuffling, the consequences would certainly be the same. The reading-room was almost the last place of all in which ragging or any uproar was tolerated.

Good order was the stringent rule here, and all knew it.

Garry had freed his chin and was slowly mastering his enemy. Inch by inch he was forcing Tadworth down flat. He had not struck him

again, and did not strike now, though the other's feet came lashing into his back.

On this Lubbock began to scream to his friend excitedly.

"Soppo!" he began shouting. "Don't let him down you, Soppo!"

The rest of them, perceiving their champion hard pressed, threw caution overboard and shouted with Lubbock. They drowned the only voice which was raised for Garry. It was that of Feddon, who had thrust himself to the front.

The noise was so great that not one of them heard the door opening, so they had no idea that another person had entered until there reached them a quiet question:

"What's all this about?"

## CHAPTER 28 In for It

THEY would not have been conscious of a voice that was raised as their own were. But this frigid, unemotional, and quite restrained voice compelled their attention by those very contrasted qualities. It distilled itself, as it were, into their commotion.

And apparently its effect was to turn them to stone. Struck so utterly dumb like paralysed creatures they stood.

Had one of the masters entered the room and surprised them they would certainly have been less terrified than they were by this appearance of Jardine, the Captain of the School. Second only to the Head in austere aloofness, he symbolised an authority beyond challenge. And it was the first time that any one of them there had come into such appalling contact with him.

Their eyes would dwell on him reverently every day when, rising and standing with his back to his chair, he said the grace before dinner in Hall. They would steal awed glances at him, serene and majestic, while he stood and watched the school falling in for chapel, or would turn their heads to follow his splendid figure as it passed them in the playing-fields or the quads. They had cheered his name to the echo on Speech Day last summer when his succession to the captaincy had been announced.

"Good old Jardine!" they had cried from their benches behind. But they would no more have uttered his name familiarly in his hearing than they would have ventured to pat the Head on the back.

And now they were at these terrible close quarters with him! Now his cold, remote figure was in their midst; his cold, remote voice, which had never before been directed in anger at them, was demanding in an accent which sent

their blood cold what they meant by making such a noise in the reading-room.

They dropped their eyes and stood rooted, while fright tied their tongues. His grave glance passed from them to the pair on the floor. His face stiffened.

"Get up!" he commanded. "At once!"

The bulldog in Garry, which neither force nor pain could have called off, surrendered to the quiet voice of authority. He released his man and rose to his feet. Up struggled Tadworth from under him.

Soppo's bleeding and swollen lip told its own story as he stood, not looking at any of the others, very heavy and shamefaced. He knew that Garry had been on the point of conquering him, and, breathing hard, fixed his sullen eyes on the floor.

Jardine eyed him and Garry; took stock of them both, till at last, in the same level voice, he asked:

"Were you two fighting?"

Neither gave answer in words. Soppo mumbled and scowled. Garry, who was panting with heaving breast, looked the captain full in the face in a mute, dogged manner. That look was an acknowledgment sturdily offered; there was nothing defiant in it, but nothing of the suppliant.

He would not plead or cringe, and he would not deny. He left the interpretation to Jardine himself, who repeated, raising his voice one degree:

"Were you two fighting?"

"Yes, Jardine," said Garry.

"What were you fighting about?"

Again neither answered.

"What were you fighting about?"

"Nothing," Tadworth muttered, between his teeth.

"Oh! Who began it?" asked Jardine, and his glance swept them all.

Lubbock, Nightingale, and Brougham hung their heads silently. Turner tried to edge off to the door, but a gesture arrested him. The three or four others, bunched in a terrified cluster looked everywhere but in the captain's direction.

Then Jardine let his glance travel over them all.

"Who is the senior of you?" he demanded.

After some hesitation Nightingale answered "I am."

"Oh you are? Very well; tell me what they were fighting about?"

"Please they weren't fighting," Nightingale mumbled.

"Weren't fighting?"

"No they were only wrestling," Jardine.

The captain stamped his foot.

"Don't quibble," he cried. "One of them told me himself just now they were fighting."

Nightingale looked as if he wished that the floor would swallow him up. This cross-examination was altogether too much for him.

"Who began it?" Jardine asked, for the second time.

Another mumble came from Soppo.

"No one," he muttered.

Jardine shook his head.

"That won't do," he said. "It takes two to make a fight, so one of you must have started it."

His eye fell on Nightingale. He beckoned him forward.

"Now, which of these two started that fight?" he demanded.

Nightingale answered desperately.

"I don't know—really."

"You don't know!"

"No. Both started at once."

"I see. You're unwilling to give one of them away?"

Nightingale passed this over by maintaining silence.

Then suddenly the stillness was broken by a wild little giggle, and Snipple's reedy accents were lifted hysterically.

"Please, Jardine," he fluttered, "please, Jardine, Garry began it!"

Jardine looked at him.

"Oh, Garry began it?"

"Yes. He hit Tadworth in the mouth, Jardine. Garry began it."

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

## A Great Philosopher

NEARLY four hundred years before Jesus was born there lived in Macedonia a boy who was very interested in Nature study, and wanted to find out the reasons for the things that happened around him.

He was the son of a doctor; which probably accounted for his inclinations, for the father had, no doubt, talked with him about the human body and its health, and roused his interest in natural history generally.

When he was seventeen his father died, and he then went to the greatest city of learning of his time and became the pupil of a famous master. That master and the pupil stand out today as two of the greatest men who have ever lived.

The master soon saw that his pupil was no ordinary boy, and he named him "the intellect of the school." For twenty years they lived in friendly and scholarly intercourse, and the pupil himself became a famous teacher, writing books which are still read and studied.

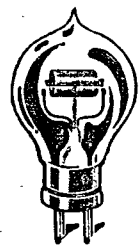
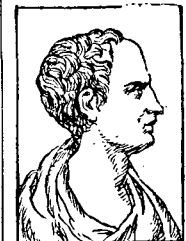
When the old master died his disciple left the famous seat of learning, married, and then became the teacher of a boy who, in another sphere, was to become as famous as his master. This boy became one of the world's great conquerors, though for real worth his work and reputation are not worthy to be compared with his teacher's.

For four years the philosopher taught his pupil, the son of a king; and he was able so to mould and stimulate the boy's mind that, though he became a soldier, he showed evidences of nobility and greatness very different from the qualities of most conquerors.

Returning to the great seat of learning where he had formerly studied and taught, the master again became a teacher, giving lectures in a shady grove while walking with his pupils. He was a hard worker, and for many years lectured and taught in his famous academy, and wrote many famous books.

The king who had been his pupil was very generous to him, and gave him not only money but large collections of natural history subjects gathered during his conquests in other lands. But the later years of the philosopher's life were clouded. He lost his wife, to whom he was devoted; and he lost, too, not only the favour of the king, but he came to be regarded with suspicion in the city where he taught, so that he had to leave it hurriedly to avoid persecution.

He had been ill, and trouble and hardship led to his death at the age of 63. His body was taken back to his birthplace, and his memory was kept green by annual festivals in his honour. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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POPULAR WIRELESS is the weekly paper which will tell you all you want to know about wireless. There are always special articles for beginners and pages and pages of hints and tips which will save you money and endless trouble. POPULAR WIRELESS will never "let you down"—it will help you and keep you well informed.

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# Time Turns His Wheel Around and Brings New Hope for All

## D! MERRYMAN

AN artist was showing his friend round an art gallery.

"Your pictures are wonderful," said the friend. "And to think that you never had a lesson in painting! Art is a gift with you." "I suppose it is," replied the artist gloomily. "Nobody will buy it."

### A Puzzle in Rhyme

MY first is in sentence but not in verse,  
My second's in handbag but not in purse,  
My third is in mountain but not in peak,  
My fourth is in onion but not in leek,  
My fifth is in cinder but not in ash,  
My sixth is in hyphen but not in dash,  
My seventh's in runner but not in bean,  
My whole can be heard but cannot be seen.

Answer next week

WHAT is the word of eight letters in which five of them are the same? Assesses.

### A Risky Feat

A POMPOUS man passed a dish of fruit to his neighbour at the dinner-table.

"Will you venture upon an orange, sir?" he asked.

"I should be glad to do so," was the reply, "but I am afraid I should fall off."

### The Bad Debtor

SAID Jack to Jim, "Lend me five shillings, or, what is better, Please make it ten, and I will be eternally your debtor." "I know you would," said Jim; "and, isn't it funny?" Just for that reason I can't lend the money."

### Is Your Name Thorpe?

THORP is an old word for a village, and some person who lived in or near a village in days gone by came to be described as John, or Thomas, of the Thorp, and at last he or his descendants received the name Thorp as a surname. Thrupp and Thripp, as surnames, have the same origin.

ON which side of a jug should the handle always be?  
On the outside.

### A Wicked Thing To Do



"HERE is a splendid meal, my son,"

Said Daddy Mouse to Matt,  
"So let's fall to before we get  
A visit from the cat!"

But Matthew Mouse, a greedy chap,  
Next day was rather sick,  
For not content with wholesome  
grease,  
He went and ate the wick!

WHY does a cook never make a square pudding?  
Because she wants it to go round.

### Prison Bars



"WHAT is the matter with the Owl—

He seems in sad distress?"

Asked tender-hearted Snip. Said

Snip,

"I fancy I can guess.

The frost, you see, has frozen up

His window very tight,

And if it doesn't thaw he can't

A-hunting go tonight!"

### Do You Know Me?

MY first, I may with truth declare,

In name and nature both is air;

My second is a perfect bore,

Yet makes sweet music evermore;

My whole in many a busy street

Lies in its bed beneath your feet.

Answer next week

### A Temporary Loan

A SHEEP-DROVER was having a great deal of trouble with his flock.

"I say, Tom," he called out to a friend, "my sheep won't move this morning—just lend me a bark of your dog, will you?"

### A Thirsty Thought

A CAMEL who pined for a drink exclaimed, "Waste is wicked, I think.

Oh, how precious would be To poor perishing me

The good water folks run down the sink!"

WHAT river is *always* without its beginning and ending? S-e-v-e-r-n.

### Great Expectations

AN old lady from the country went to a railway booking-office one day and asked for a ticket for Florence.

The clerk did not know of any such station in England, so he searched carefully through the railway guides. At last in desperation he asked: "And where is Florence, madam?"

The old lady pointed to a little girl sitting on a bench and said: "Can't you see her sitting over there, you stupid man!"

### What Is It?

MY first is of essential use

These pleasing pages to produce

Ere they appear in print;

The ocean will my next supply;

My whole is whispered on the sly,

If you can take a hint.

Solution next week

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Buried Birds

Tit, owl, emu, eagle, ostrich, thrush

#### A Geographical Letter

Florence, Ice, Snow, Christmas, Kicking Horse, Skate, Thaw, Disappointment, William.

#### A Picture Puzzle

Duck, Oven, Vane, Egg, Racquet—Dover.

## Jacko Goes to a Party

JACKO rather liked parties. They meant plenty of good things to eat, and staying up long after his usual bedtime.

One morning the postman brought a most exciting invitation for Jacko and Adolphus from the Mayoress. It said Dancing and Games from six to ten, and at the bottom of the card were the magic words Fancy Dress.

Jacko nearly went off his head with excitement. He said he would go to the party as a chimney sweep, and he ran round to Mr. Soot and made him promise to lend him his brushes.

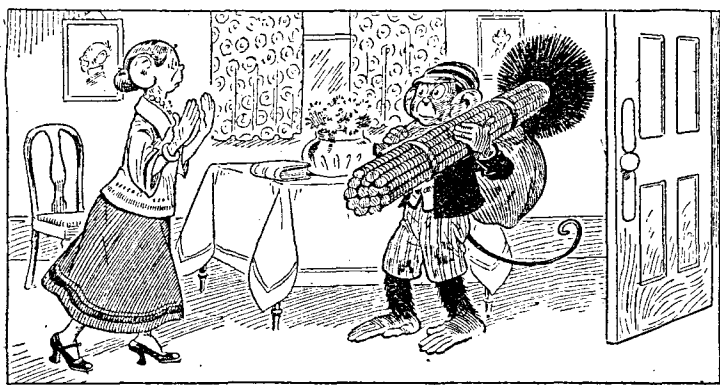
Mr. Soot was delighted.

"Just fancy my old brushes going to one of those grand parties!" he said to his wife. "They will be asking *me* next!"

Mrs. Jacko wasn't at all pleased when the great day came and she saw Jacko in his sweep's costume. He had blacked his face and hands, and altogether he looked so grimy that his mother gave a little jump and cried, "Don't come near me!"

"And as for your dancing partners," she added, "well, I should say you won't have any."

Adolphus said *he* wouldn't want for dancing partners, anyway. He was terribly conceited. And really he looked very



"Don't come near me!" cried Mrs. Jacko

elegant in an old-fashioned courtier's dress with a lace cravat and lovely white satin knee-breeches.

"Keep your distance," he kept on saying to Jacko, on the way to the party. And when they arrived at the house he went off on his own, and tried to look as if Jacko didn't belong to him.

Jacko didn't enjoy the party very much. As Mrs. Jacko had said, nobody wanted to dance with him, for he looked so grimy. At last he sneaked out of the ball-room and began exploring the rest of the house.

"It's about time for supper," he said to himself. "I'll see if I can find something to eat."

But just as he was creeping along a passage he ran into a very grand-looking footman, who said the sweep hadn't been asked to come that day and ordered Jacko off the premises. What is more, he put down the tray of lemonade that he was carrying, and gave chase.

Jacko rushed up some stairs with the footman at his heels. And, as he couldn't find anywhere to hide, he opened a window and jumped out on to what looked a roof a few feet below.

It was a roof. But it was *the roof of a conservatory!*

Jacko went through the glass with a crash, and landed right on top of Adolphus, who was sitting under a palm with a lady, sipping lemonade. He *did* look black. And so did his clothes!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### We Eat Less

Referring to a hotel menu card of about 1850, we find more than fifty kinds of meat and game offered for one meal, the diner having the liberty of ordering a number of them.

Today the menu card in the same hotel would have only six kinds of meat, and the diner would order only one, or a little fish or game. So we eat less.

It is expected by experts that, as fresh methods of farming are found out, the farmers of a hundred years hence will be thirty per cent more efficient than the farmers of today, and that the city dwellers will then live more on cereal, dairy, and vegetable food.

### Nous Mangeons Moins

En examinant la carte d'un hôtel d'environ 1850, nous y trouvons plus de cinquante variétés de viande et de gibier offertes à un seul repas, le client ayant le droit d'en commander plusieurs.

Actuellement la carte du même hôtel n'aurait que six plats de viande, et le client n'en commanderait qu'un seul, ou un plat de poisson ou de gibier. Donc nous mangeons moins.

Les experts prédisent que, à mesure que l'on découvrira de nouvelles méthodes de culture, les fermiers qui vivront à cent ans d'ici seront de trente pour cent plus capables que ceux d'aujourd'hui, et que les habitants des villes vivront alors davantage de céréales, de laitier, et de légumes.

### Tales Before Bedtime

## A House to Let

EILEEN lay in her little bed looking at her doll's house, which stood just under the open window.

She was wondering if Crystabel and Rosamund still sat at tea in the tiny drawing-room when she heard a queer little sound. It came from the doll's house! With wide-awake eyes she watched and waited, and presently in the little doorway two bright eyes appeared, then a red waistcoat, and a little robin hopped out and peered cautiously round.

"Oh!" gasped Eileen.

"Chirp," answered the robin and flew straight through the window to her mate, who was waiting for his little wife in the apple-tree.

Trembling with excitement, Eileen jumped out of bed.

"Mother! Mother!" she cried, as she ran down the staircase and into the dining-room. "A robin hopped out of my doll's house; come, quick!"

Eileen's mother took her in her arms and carried her back to her room. Then quietly she looked through the tiny doorway.

"Why, yes!" she exclaimed, now almost as excited as her little daughter. "I can see a tiny bit of hay and a feather. I will let down the back of the house and peep in."

Sure enough, in a corner of the room where the dolls still sat at tea, was a little nest; inside lay five speckled eggs.

"Well," exclaimed Eileen's mother; "now I know what that little robin was doing on my dressing-table the other day; he was searching for something to help to build the nest. If you are careful



"I can see a tiny bit of hay"

not to frighten the mother bird, perhaps one day you will see five little robins there."

Mother was right. When Eileen peeped in one morning, not so very long after, instead of the eggs were five little robins, with wide-open beaks!

Eileen squealed with delight; she wished they would stay there for ever. But of course they didn't. Directly they could fly they flew away; and now the doll's house has a notice on it: "A House to Let—for Robins," it says.



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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 9, 1926

Every Thursday, 2d

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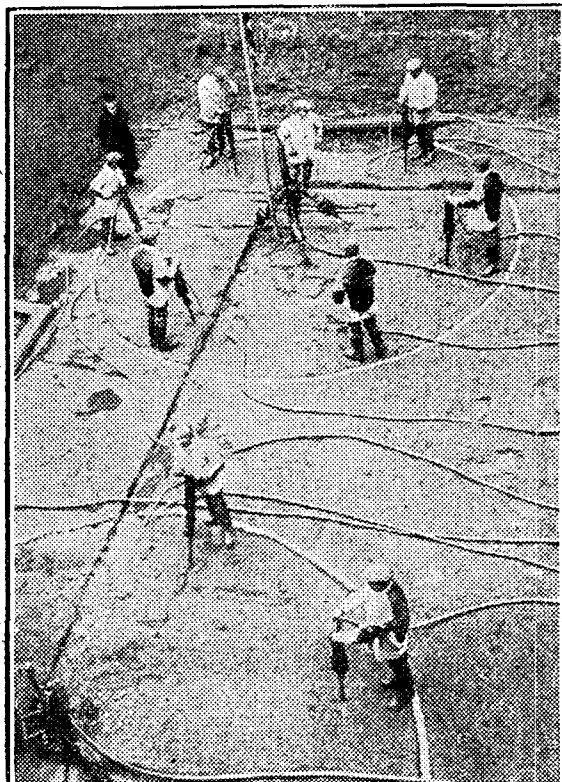
## BIG & LITTLE ENGINES • PERAMBULATOR ON SKATES • NEW MERSEY TUNNEL



The Big Engine and the Little Engine—Here is an amusing scene photographed at King's Cross Station the other day. The little man with his toy engine greatly admired the driver of the big engine and wished that he could make a long journey with him on the footplate



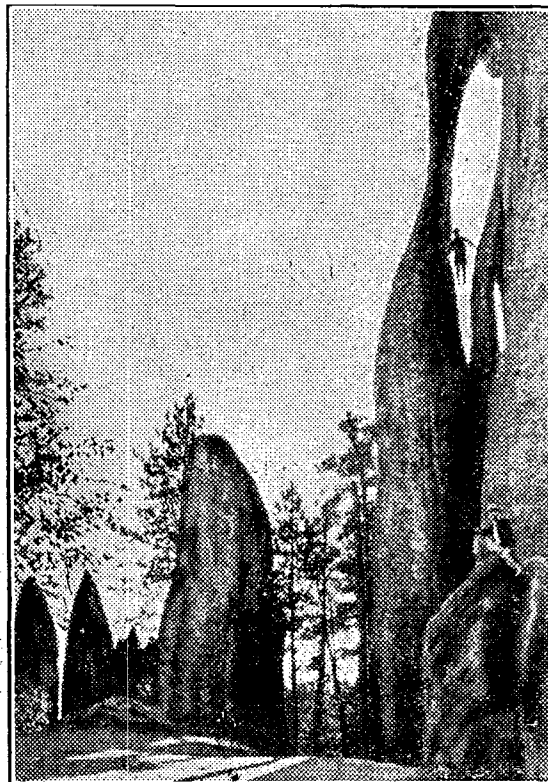
The Baby Goes for an Outing on the Ice—This is how the baby goes for a walk at St. Moritz, Switzerland, where he has been taken by his parents for the winter sports. The perambulator, fitted with runners, moves smoothly over the ice. Sometimes the nurse wears skates



The Beginning of a Big Tunnel—These men are beginning the boring for the new tunnel under the Mersey, which is to be constructed at Liverpool. Pneumatic tools are being used



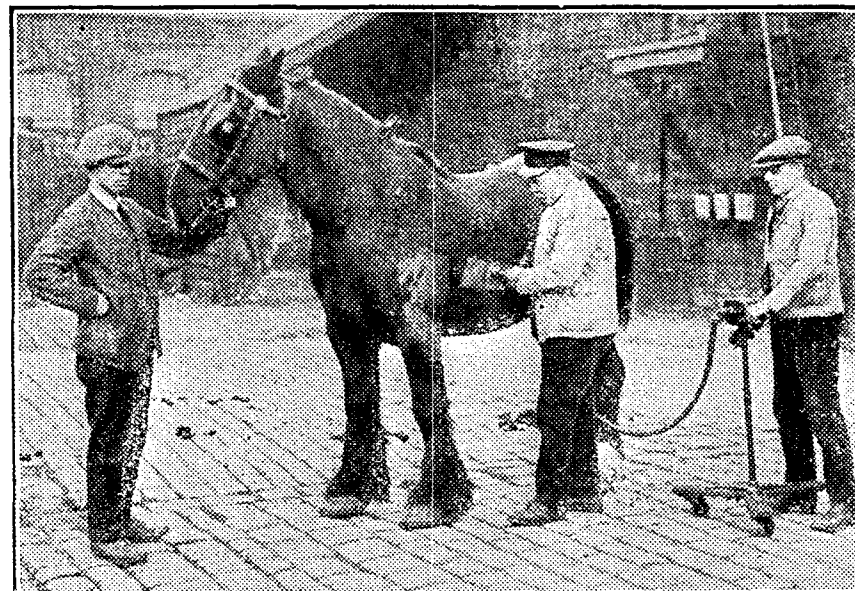
Off for a Toboggan Run at St. Moritz—The weather in Switzerland has been ideal for winter sports, and the toboggan runs have been in good condition. Here are two girls off for a run



The Eye of a Needle—A favourite spot for climbers in the U.S.A. is the Needle's Eye in the Black Hills of South Dakota. It is a very strange natural formation and is difficult to climb



The Last New Year in the Old Home—The site of the Foundling Hospital in London has been sold and the children have just seen their last New Year in the old home. It is hoped that by next autumn they will be in their new country home where all the old traditions will be observed



Clipping the Horses—Horses are clipped in winter as if their coats are allowed to grow very long they become overheated and are liable to catch cold from excessive perspiration. Here the horse-clipper is seen busily at work. Each horse takes about twenty minutes to clip

## ENTERTAINING SHAKESPEARE'S OLD FRIEND—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon and Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency, R/R